MODERN GYPSIES

FLORIDA
GULF STATES
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
THE DESERT
CALIFORNIA
MEXICO

YOSEMITE
CRATER LAKE
MOUNT RAINIER
GLACIER PARK
YELLOWSTONE
CANADA

The Story of

A Twelve Thousand Mile Motor Camping Trip
Encircling the United States

by

MARY CREHORE BEDELL

MODERN GYPSIES

For the lover of out-of-doors and for one interested in travel—whether he rides by train or by motor, or reads cosily seated by his own fireside—MODERN GYPSIES has a distinct appeal.

Picturing mountain, desert and forest, depicting life on the road and in our National Parks, it gives the reader a vivid realization of the greatness of this country and inspires him with the hope that he himself may some day become a gypsy.

Although it is not written as a guide, the book will prove of value to motorist and camper confronted with the question where to go and what to take.

BRENTANO'S

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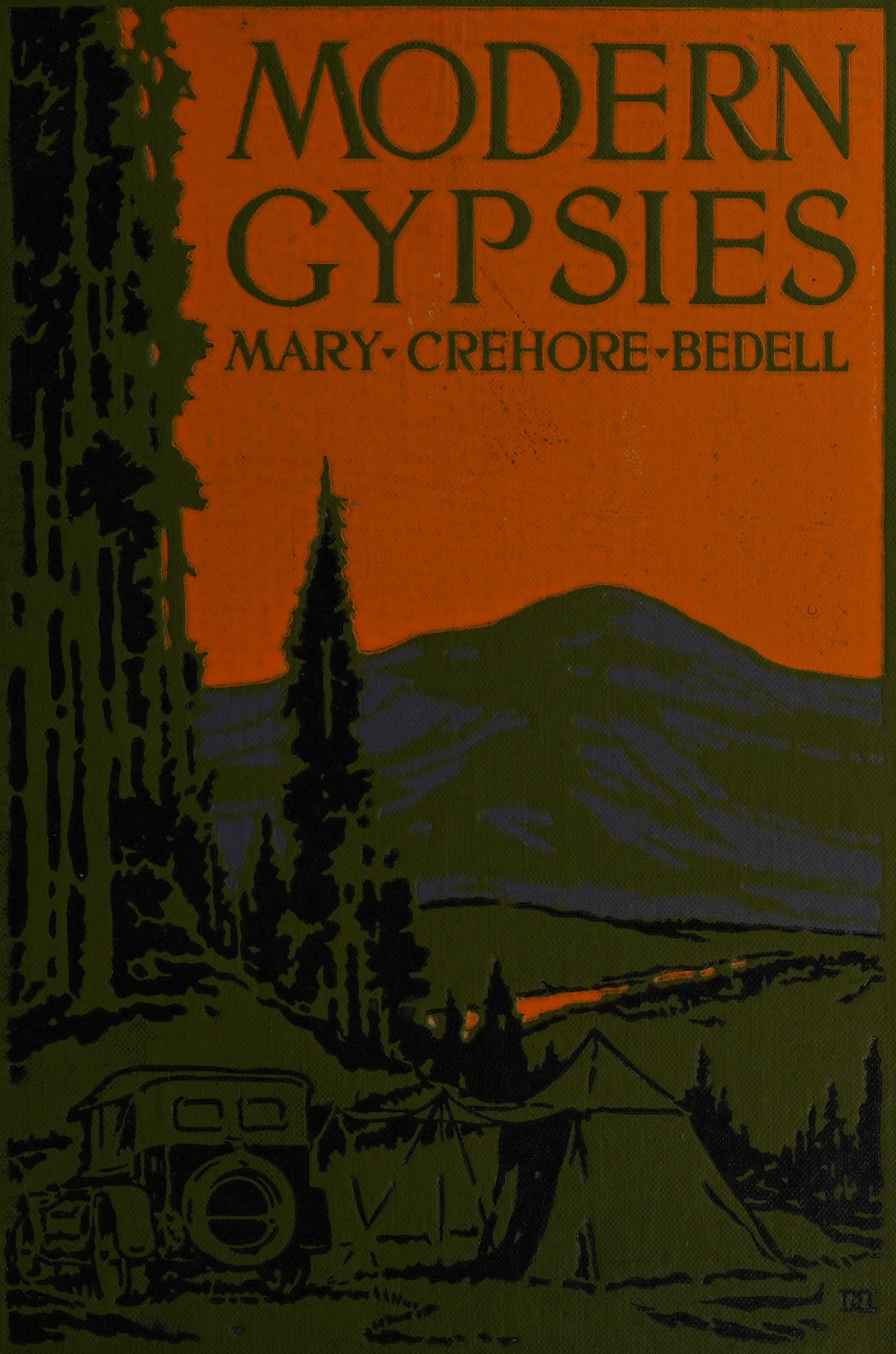
NEW YORK

MODERN GYPSIES

MARY · CREHORE · BEDELL



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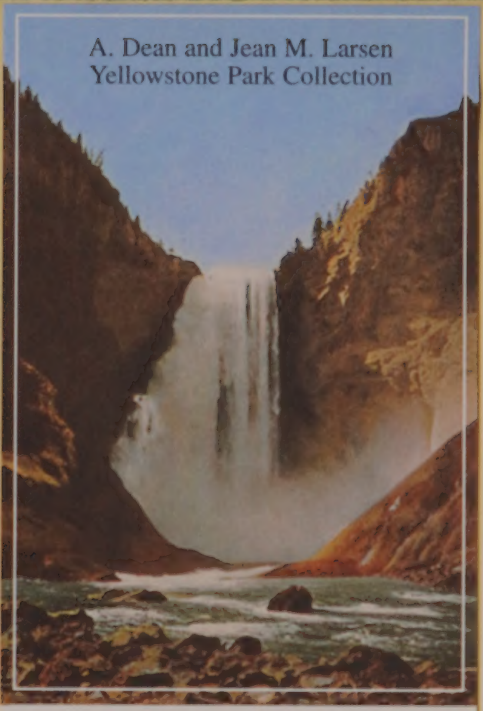

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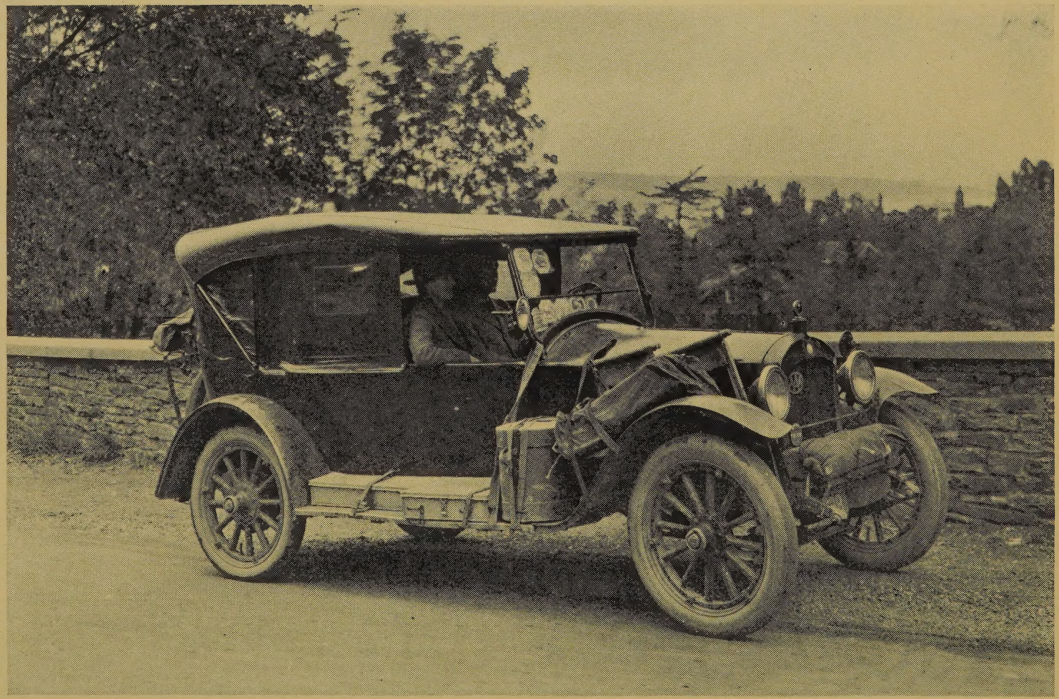

Photograph by J. P. Troy

ON THE ROAD

MODERN GYPSIES

The Story of

A TWELVE THOUSAND MILE MOTOR CAMPING TRIP ENCIRCLING THE UNITED STATES

BY
MARY CREHORE BEDELL
(*Photographs by the Author*)

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by
Mary Crehore Bedell

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UPB

DEDICATED

To my best friend and life long
traveling companion

My Husband

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

The Start 11

CHAPTER II

Florida 18

CHAPTER III

The Gulf States and Mississippi Valley 40

CHAPTER IV

The Desert 71

CHAPTER V

Southern California 109

CHAPTER VI

The Yosemite 133

CHAPTER VII

Crater Lake, Mount Rainier and Glacier Park 161

CHAPTER VIII

Yellowstone Park 216

CHAPTER IX

The Home Stretch 237

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

On the Road ..... *Frontispiece*
Our Route 15
Royal Palms, Coconut Grove 23
Seminole Indians 29
Recess in the Land of the Suwanee River 35
Flooded Fields Beside the Road, Louisiana 41
Negroes Fishing Beside the Road, Arkansas 47
Road Near Pine Bluffs, Arkansas 57
Cyclone Cellar, Central Texas 63
The Author on Desert, Central Texas 81
Fred Examining Chuck-Hole, Central Texas 85
Yucca, Arizona 91
Cliff Dwelling Near Roosevelt Dam 95
Cliff Dwelling Near Roosevelt Dam 99
Giant Cactus and Occotillo, Arizona 105
Ferry Crossing Colorado River 111
Mexican Beggar, Juarez 117
Mexican Church Built in 1638 121
Beach Near Santa Monica 125
The Three Cousins in Garden of the San Juan Capistrano Mission 131
Our Camp at Wawona 135
Yosemite Falls, Our Tent in Foreground 141
The "Wawona" Tree, Our Car Passing Through 151
Crater Lake, Oregon 163
Looking Down Into a Crevasse, Paradise Glacier 169
Sliding Down Slope on Mount Rainier 181
Teepees on Flathead Indian Reservation 191
Ready to Explore a Copper Mine 201
Flathead Indian Who Took a Picture of Author 211
Dish-Washing in Camp, Yellowstone Park 217
Feeding Bears on the Road, Yellowstone Park 223
Holy City, Near Cody, Wyoming 233
Eleanor and Caroline Sitting on a Petrified Stump 239
Reaping and Binding Machine, North Dakota 247
Harvesting Machine, North Dakota 257

CHAPTER I

The Start

A VACATION is a precious thing, a thing to be planned for with deliberation and careful thought, not only from the standpoint of gaining more physical vigor, but with the idea of expanding the soul and of gaining a more intimate knowledge of the wonderful things with which this beautiful earth of ours is endowed.

The good fortune of having a six months' leave of absence granted him from his college work came to my husband one day, after many years of faithful service to the University he calls his Alma Mater, with no long rest since a trip to Europe twelve years before. His vacation was to begin the following Spring and this gave a whole year to plan for the trip he had in mind, namely, an automobile trip encircling the United States. Of course it goes without saying that the writer of these memoirs,—his better half, shall I say?—was to go with him. We could not imagine a plan without that combination.

What fun it was to think out the details of the trip! What outfit should we provide? What clothes should we wear? Where would all the things be stored away to make room for the passengers? We realized that things must be systematized, or we would never be able to find anything when wanted. I assure the reader it was a problem that could not be solved in a minute. It took hours of careful thought and experiment before our outfit was complete, and even then, notwithstanding the warnings of some of our friends, themselves experienced campers, we took too much. We would not have missed that year of planning. The pleasure it gave us, poring over guide books, maps and catalogues, almost equalled the pleasure of the trip itself. Almost, I say, but of course when the trip really materialized our joy far eclipsed the fun we had in planning for it. It was on account of Fred's natural genius for systematizing things that we were able to accomplish what we started out to do.

The best of everything, we decided, was none too good for such an undertaking. The money saved in hotel bills alone would soon pay for the

camping equipment,—so we reasoned. As we lived "up state" in New York, a trip to the metropolis was thought necessary and there, at one of the best sporting-goods establishments, we found almost everything, including tent, dufflebags, gasoline stove, Adirondack grate and a kit of aluminum kettles that nested, with coffee pot and enamel cups and saucers inside. This marvelous kit was taken for a hat box, more than once, though why people thought I wanted to carry Paris confections with me is more than I can say. When the car was loaded, the equipment alone weighed four or five hundred pounds. Our sturdy little Hupmobile thought nothing of this additional weight, however, and at the most trying moments throughout the trip behaved itself with the utmost decorum.

As our journey was to begin the first of February, the problem of snow was uppermost in our minds. Evidently we would have to go South before even starting to drive the car and so we planned to go by boat from New York to Jacksonville, Florida. Early in the winter, before the snow became deep, we drove the car to New York

and stored it there, equipment and all, until the time came to sail. This proved to be a wise forethought, as by the last of January, 1922, the snow was deep and, just as we started, came that heavy fall of snow which crushed the roof of the Knickerbocker Theatre in Washington, causing the loss of so many lives.

Never shall I forget that cold night when we left home by train, the thermometer registering sixteen degrees below zero, with eighteen inches of snow on the ground. It seemed like a wild idea to start on a camping trip in such weather and I suspect that many of our friends thought we were very foolish. The Atlantic Ocean gave us some comfort, however, for that does not freeze, and when we were nicely settled on the boat with our automobile stowed cosily away in the hold, the problem did not seem so preposterous.

My comfort was short lived, however, for no sooner had we sailed out of New York harbor than we struck a storm which caused the boat to roll and pitch in the most uncomfortable manner. Let me draw a veil over this part of our trip which lasted two days,—though it seemed two weeks—

On map furnished by courtesy of the Automobile Blue Books, Inc.

OUR ROUTE

before the boat ceased its diabolical rolling and sailed quietly into the harbor at Charleston, South Carolina. It seemed good to feel terra firma under our feet once more, and landing in that quaint old southern town was a fascinating experience. The weather was mild with the thermometer at fifty, making it difficult to picture our recent experiences with ice and snow.

CHAPTER II

Florida

AFTER Charleston it was only a matter of a fifteen hour sail to Jacksonville, where we disembarked and where our real journey by automobile began.

Although the weather was mild, it was not exactly balmy when we landed in Florida, as the temperature was in the fifties and there was a slight rain falling. We spent the night at a hotel, having made up our minds to camp during the winter months only when conditions were favorable.

Of course we had to visit the ostrich farm before leaving Jacksonville, and were much amused watching a young fellow jump on an ostrich and ride around the ring, on its back. He also hitched a two-wheeled sulky to one of the birds and let himself be dragged around in this ungainly fashion. I tried to get a picture of him but, as the slight mist in the air was not conducive to snap shots, nothing came of it.

Since neither Fred nor I had ever seen Florida, we decided to spend a month of our allotted time traveling down the east coast and back. Our first stop of consequence was at the old Spanish town of St. Augustine, the oldest town in America, founded in 1565 by the Spaniards. The fort, which took a hundred years in building, is considered to be a fine specimen of engineering. An ingenious keyless arch which sustains part of the structure is quite an object of interest to the visitor.

With a guide and a party of fifteen tourists, we explored the interior of the ancient fortress, now partially in ruins and used as a museum. The dungeons and torture chambers of the cruel Spanish Inquisition were of especial interest. One particular room, located in the interior of the fortress, walled in by heavy masonry and with only a small opening that served as a door, had the following gruesome story connected with it, told us by the guide.

Two lovers, condemned to death and imprisoned here, were forced to stand up in niches at opposite ends of the room, chained to the

wall. Iron gags were placed in their mouths to keep them from talking to each other, and the entrance door was hermetically sealed so that it looked like a part of the wall. Years afterwards some workmen in making excavations came upon this room and found the skeletons still in place, with the two iron gags between their jaws and the rusty chains holding them upright against the wall.

By stooping very low the party, one by one, squeezed in through the small solitary aperture, until the little room, lighted by one dim electric light, was fairly crowded. Just then, to show us how the fated couple felt, the guide switched off the light. Imagine our sensations! We could almost feel the darkness. No one spoke for a few moments; then a small boy piped up, "I want to get out!" This motion was quickly seconded by the rest of us, as I, for one, felt almost smothered in that dark hole. The lights were off only a few seconds, I suppose, but it seemed several minutes at least before we were out in the open again and could breathe the sweet fresh air.

From St. Augustine to Daytona the road runs straight through a jungle, with swampy land coming almost up to the road itself. We could not have camped here if we had wanted to and, as we drove on and on, for at least seventy-five miles through a veritable wilderness, we began to feel cut off from home and friends indeed. The birds, many of them with bright plumage, were of never failing interest to us and it seemed as if the red birds were as thick as English sparrows in the North.

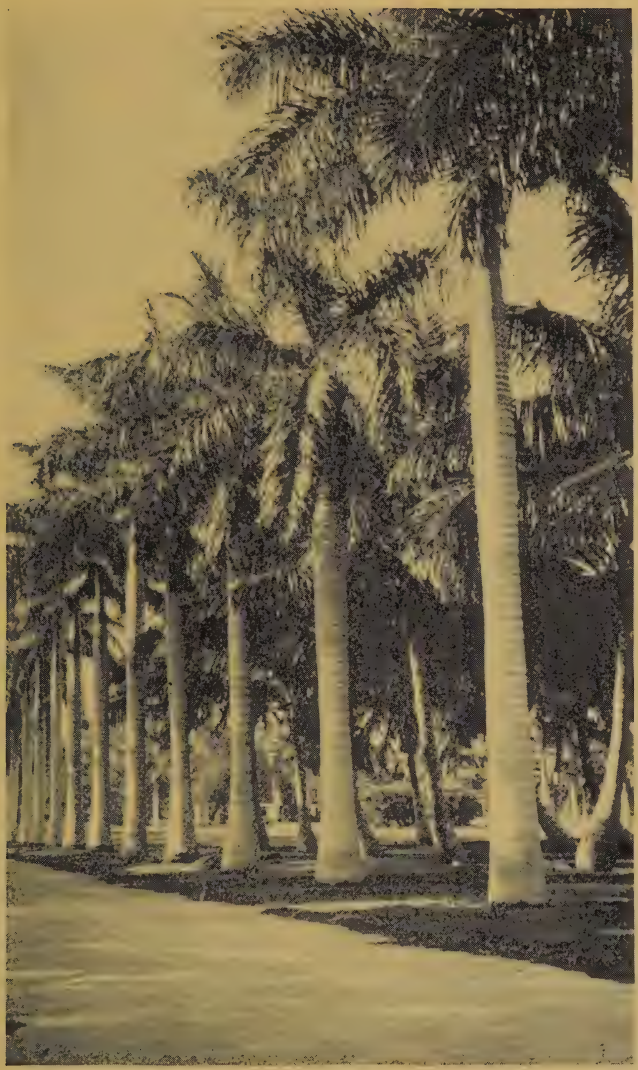
The weather cleared up and became warm and summery with the thermometer standing at 86 degrees in Daytona. People were wearing light suits and dresses and straw hats, giving us a sense of the unreality of the cold we had experienced so recently.

The beach from Ormond to Daytona is like a smooth boulevard, very wide, sloping toward the ocean so gradually that it seems almost level. We drew up our car to watch the crowds speed by in their automobiles. It was Sunday and everyone was out; some were bathing and many were driving their cars at breakneck speed up and

down the beach. They told us it was not always as warm in February as it happened to be just then, and we were thankful we had missed one of their cold spells, or "northers" as they are called, when it occasionally goes down to freezing and injures the orange crop.

Of course we had to have a glimpse of Palm Beach, but we felt it was no place for a long stay for travelers equipped as we were for roughing it. The beautifully gowned women and the bevies of pretty girls in their elaborate bathing suits, sunning themselves on the beach, were certainly a distracting sight, and possibly it was as well for our peace of mind that we tarried there only for a short time.

Miami and Coconut Grove are practically below the frost line and we decided to keep on down the coast until we found a really tropical climate. Some dear friends of ours had offered us a camping spot in their large grape-fruit grove, so upon arrival at Coconut Grove we drove to their bungalow fully prepared to pitch our tent in the near vicinity. Again our camping project was postponed, for these same kind



Royal Palms, Coconut Grove

friends offered their son's bungalow for our use, which was next door to their own and not occupied at that time. It was furnished and equipped with all the modern conveniences and we were invited to use it as long as we wished. As two weeks was our allotted time for this region, we thankfully accepted this charming offer and were soon established as householders in the midst of beautiful palms, grape-fruit, lemon and orange trees. The mocking birds sang all day long and even in the middle of the night we could hear them strike up their song. It was indeed a paradise to us, and we reveled in the warmth and the sun and the many beauties of this tropical region. To see the moon practically in the zenith, an unusual sight to a northerner, made us realize how far south we were.

One day we decided to take a swim in the ocean, which was ten miles distant from our bungalow, and were greatly delighted to find the water really as warm as we were accustomed to have it in summer in the North. I believe the actual temperature was 72 degrees. We had many fine rides, and were amazed to see the

wonderful development of Miami itself and the adjoining town of Coconut Grove. I saw no finer houses anywhere on our travels than here, and the rate at which they were developing the jungle (hammock, as it is called) clearing out the wild tropical growth, making concrete roads and marking out lots, even in one place building a country club with golf links before a single house had been put up, was astonishing.

Many people are very optimistic about the growth of Miami and its surroundings and during the winter promoters are busy selling land to northerners who come down to enjoy the delightful climate. Perhaps you have heard the story of the man who was asked, "Have you seen Miami?" When he replied, "Yes, I was there last week;" he was told, "Oh, you ought to see it now!"

The rapid growth of this community has been really surprising, but there are those who think the plans for the future have been over-estimated and that some of the land that has been improved will revert to jungle.

We took a trip into the Everglades, driving over a good dirt road, to see the experiment that is being made with sugar cane. By draining a large part of this huge swamp-like tract, the promoters hope to make it one of the greatest sugar producing regions in the world and it certainly looked like a promising venture, when one saw the rich looking soil left after the land had been drained.

The Seminole Indians, that tribe which became separated years ago from all the other Indian tribes and is often called the lost tribe, settled in this part of the Everglades. Many of them live in a settlement not far from Coconut Grove and we used to see them in small groups walking along the side of the road, carrying themselves in a very dignified and impressive manner. Their costume is unique, consisting of a long skirt to the feet and a cape reaching below the waist, striped horizontally with every color of the rainbow. Even the men wear these long skirts and it is hard to tell them from the women.

We went into one of the villages of this tribe, where they lived in shelters, built on stilts, the

floor being raised above the ground to avoid dampness in the rainy season. The tops of these shelters are thatched with leaves from the palm trees. The family has no furniture (unless it is a Singer sewing machine), but sits or reclines on the wooden floors. The Indians do not like to have their pictures taken, but by the payment of a few cents we were allowed to take some snap-shots.

There was an Indian whom they called "Willie," acting in the capacity of a guide, showing us all the points of interest in the little village. He was dressed in civilized clothes, with immaculate white duck suit and hair cut short. In fact he had been educated in one of the Indian schools and learned the ways of the white man, so that when he returned to his home his friends and relatives looked upon him as an outsider.

Despite this fact he remained with his tribe acting as its manager; at any rate he managed so well in extracting money from the tourists, that he was accounted rich by his people. When we came to a small stream where several large alligators were confined by wire netting, Willie

Seminole Indians

grabbed a five-footer by the jaws and held it up for me to take its picture. During the process he splashed the muddy water very generously over his white duck trousers; whereupon I expressed my deep contrition at being the cause of this mishap. "Oh that doesn't matter," said Willie, "I have plenty more."

Our trip back to the northern part of the state had to be in part over the same road we had traversed before, as we hardly cared to venture into the interior over the poor sandy roads we knew we would encounter. Our time being limited we gave up going over to the west coast of Florida at all, although we were very desirous of seeing it. From what we heard the west coast is as fine as the east coast, if not finer, so we felt that we did not really know Florida as we ought, when we left the state.

After leaving Miami our camping began in earnest and we spent most of the nights in our tent, stopping to make camp wherever we found a desirable spot. We were somewhat annoyed by the pigs coming around our camp, nosing about to see what they could find to eat. Pigs

and cows are allowed much freedom all over Florida, as the laws of the state protect them. Unless a community has a population of twelve hundred or over it is not allowed to keep them off the highways. There is a very strong sentiment in favor of letting them have the run of the place, no matter how much they might incommode the land-owners. We were told for a fact, that sometime ago a northerner came down there, and to protect his crops from cows and pigs he fenced in his place. Not long after this he was taken out and shot. How true this story is I cannot say, but it was told to us by a reliable person and we believed it.

We kept to the east coast, following the Indian River for over a hundred miles, one night camping on its banks, in a lovely spot, and were fortunate in having the full moon shining down upon us. My husband took a swim in a neighboring bayou early the following morning enjoying himself very much, until he heard a peculiar noise like the honking of an automobile, and saw a dark body like a submarine scooting away in the water. He had been anxious to see an alligator, but had

not bargained to have one share his morning dip with him.

The Indian River is the place for oranges. Here they grow sweeter and juicier than in any other place in the world. At any rate we were told this, and could well believe it when we visited one of the groves and were allowed to sample some of the remarkably juicy fruit, which we cut from the trees ourselves. These oranges do not keep so well when they are shipped as the California navels, but to my mind they certainly excel them in flavor.

Leaving the Indian River we started inland on poor roads, but through intensely interesting country. I never tired of driving through those vast cypress swamps, between trees hanging with Spanish moss, which gave a ghost-like appearance to the forests. We encountered water birds of every description, especially pelicans, which were as numerous as sea-gulls near the ocean.

Our next resting place for a few days was near Oviedo, in the heart of Florida, where we camped in the grounds of a friend of ours, a botanist, who spends his life in this isolated spot. He

raises amaryllis and has seventy thousand of these flowers in bloom at one time, people coming from a radius of fifty miles to see the beautiful sight. He is also making an exhaustive study of the orchid, using test tubes for starting the seed. We saw one small beginning of an orchid in a test tube, with leaves not larger than a pin head. This had been growing for seven years we were told, and was not yet large enough to transplant. In seventeen years he expected to have a full-grown plant. Imagine the patience it takes to raise this slow-growing plant!

Near Oviedo is the thriving town of Sanford on Lake Monroe, called the "Celery City" on account of the large celery farms in the outlying districts. We visited one of the celery packing houses and were much instructed watching the process, from the washing and grading, to packing and shipping in refrigerator cars.

Our experience with tourists having trouble with their automobiles on the road began in Florida and continued at rather frequent intervals all the way across the continent. The first one was a ditched car where the occupants came

Recess in the Land of the Suwanee River

near being seriously hurt. I lent my ammonia bottle to a lady who was feeling faint from a blow on her chest,—received by striking against the windshield,—while my husband unearthed our ropes to lend assistance in righting their car. We saw at least a dozen cars in more or less serious difficulty on our way west and often found our ropes, and sometimes shovel, of great assistance to those who were not fortunate enough to have provided their own.

Once we were driving along in the pouring rain, on a slippery road, when we met a car that had skidded off the road and was standing right side up in a deep ditch, with water up to the floor of the car. The owner was patiently waiting for a traction engine that had been sent for, as it was hopeless for an ordinary automobile to pull him out. He confessed that he had been driving too fast, and we found in almost every case the driver of the luckless car acknowledged his fault of too speedy driving.

The negroes were of never-failing interest to us, so numerous were they and so very much in evidence. Much has been said about their good

nature, but I was not prepared to find them so courteous. The men whipped off their hats the instant they were spoken to, and the women answered all our inquiries as to roads, etc., with the greatest politeness, often walking out of their way to show us the route. They form a picturesque background to the South, the little black children romping in the school-yards, set aside for negroes, and colored farmers riding along the roadside on muleback, elbows and coat-tails flopping.

One day we passed a schoolhouse with a score of little piccaninnies playing "Ring around the Rosy" in the front yard. The sight was so tempting for a picture that we stopped the car and I stepped out with my camera. In an instant they were all scurrying to shelter like so many scared rabbits. Some ran into the schoolhouse and some hid behind trees, peeping out from time to time to see how the "land lay." After standing quietly for a few minutes, I began to coax those behind the trees to come out; little by little their curiosity got the better of them and they began to collect. At last I suc-

ceeded in getting them to form in a circle again, and even to resume their "singsong" tune while I snapped my picture.

CHAPTER III

The Gulf States and Mississippi Valley

IT WAS the first of March when we left Florida, crossing the border into Georgia after having driven our car fifteen hundred miles, since we landed in Jacksonville. There were signs of spring everywhere by this time, the new light green leaves showing among the foliage that remains green the year around.

In the quiet old city of Thomasville we spent two days at a hotel where no particular style was essayed, but where we had every comfort necessary. We couldn't complain of the quantity of food served us at meals, as our plates were literally surrounded by dishes containing various viands. We counted thirteen of such little dishes at one meal, in addition to the meat and the inevitable "aigs".

No sooner did we announce our intention of eating, in some of these southern hotels, than the head waiter would come forward with a smile and a bow, not waiting for us to come into the

Flooded Fields Beside the Road, Louisiana

dining room, but one time even coming out to the automobile, to ask "How would you-all like yo' aigs?"

It began to rain before we left Thomasville and kept on all that day. For a while we tried running without chains, but as the poor sand-clay roads became more and more slippery, we were at last forced to put them on. In fact, Fred had to jump out in the pouring rain in the middle of a steep hill, where our wheels began to spin in the slippery clay, to do this. Sand-clay roads, referred to so often in the guide-books, are excellent when the proportions of sand, clay and water are just right; but with too much sand or clay in the mixture—or, more particularly, with too much water—the road may become very heavy or very slippery. The color scheme of the road in places proved a convenience, for when the road suddenly changed to red, we took it as a danger signal meaning "slippery road" and immediately reduced our speed. By nightfall we had crossed the border into Alabama and had to put up at one of the poorest hotels we encountered anywhere, in a town with not over a hundred

inhabitants. It was really not a hotel at all, but just a private house kept by one lone woman and her small son about ten years old. The town was not thriving enough to support a hotel. Our rooms were dirty, the food poorly cooked and greasy, the roof leaked (it was raining at the time), and the bed looked far from tempting. I was too tired to drive on in the dark over new and untried roads to a better place, so we made the best of it, and sat chatting with the woman and her son in front of an open fire in a bare, dreary, sort of living room, until it was time to retire. They seemed starved for companionship, and, as we were the only guests at the time, we tried to appear pleased with everything, though it was not easy.

The next day the sun came out to help dry the roads, but the wind was cold so we kept on the side curtains as a protection. That night we found a very comfortable hotel at Andalusia, Alabama, where we had a cosy grate-fire in our bedroom. Far south as we were, there was frost on the roof next morning. In fact frost is not uncommon as far south as the Gulf of Mexico,

interfering with raising tropical fruits. The little Satsuma oranges, however, which grow along the Gulf, are not hurt by moderate frost. They are exceedingly sweet and juicy but small like a tangerine, although the skin does not come off so freely.

As we approached a number of towns, billboards advertising undertakers were conspicuous. One enterprising general store advertised "Caskets, Tires and Automobile Accessories." Evidently the hope was to get our trade one way, if not another.

At Fairhope we had rather an odd experience, proving how small the world is. Driving into the town from a long day's run over fair sand-clay roads, we stopped at a cottage to inquire our way to a good hotel. A lady opened the door, and before I had time to make my wishes known, I spied one of my college friends, of years gone by, sitting beside the fire. The recognition was mutual and we greeted each other cordially. They were hospitality itself, insisting that we stay to supper and making us travel-stained wayfarers feel very much at home. We talked over

old times at college to our heart's content and found we had the same warm feeling for each other, although for years our paths had been separated and each had known nothing about the other.

Fairhope, they told us, is a "single tax" community, one of few where the experiment is being practically tried out. No one owns his own land but rents it of the community. The "Organic School" has its home here too, an institution which is run on entirely different principles from our public school system. Its supporters claim that in no other school is such absolute freedom found for both teachers and pupils. There are no examinations or daily marks, but the teachers give constant supervision and encouragement to self-initiated activities. It is too early in its history to prophesy the complete success of this new method. The ladies whom we visited had great tales about the behavior of some of the children in the school, and were not in favor of leaving so much to individual expression. They may have been wrong, however, and being uninformed on the subject myself, I will not attempt

Negroes Fishing Beside the Road, Arkansas

to give an opinion. Despite "Single Tax" and "Organic Schools," we slept well that night in comfortable lodgings recommended to us by our friends.

The roads along the gulf are intercepted at intervals by bayous, making travel rather slow as ferries are frequently necessary. On leaving Fairhope we had to cross one of these bays, rather a large one at this place, taking an hour and a half to cross, the fare costing us fifteen dollars including car and passengers. This landed us at Mobile, an attractive city having broad, quiet streets lined with magnolias and live oaks. Many of the residences are of colonial type, surrounded by wide grassy lawns and beautiful flower gardens. We did not tarry here, however, deciding to drive on to Biloxi, Mississippi, where we planned to make a stop of several days. It was pouring rain again and blowing a good old "sou'wester" when we reached Biloxi, but as friends had given us some addresses there where we could stop, we were soon comfortably settled in a tiny furnished apartment overlooking the gulf. It was fully equipped with hot and cold

water and electric lights, besides the very important thing, a small wood-stove, as the weather was cool and a fire felt very comfortable.

Biloxi is a lazy little town where northerners go in the winter if they want rest and quiet, as there seems to be nothing in the way of excitement but an occasional movie. The water was too cold for bathing, but the oyster season was at its height. There are thousands of oysters opened there daily. The men sit in rows in low sheds along the water-front with great mounds of oyster-shells piled beside them, so that they can hardly see over the top. They use strong knives, especially shaped to pry open the bivalves, and wear gloves to protect the hands as it takes a quick, hard jab to open the shell. Competition grows fast and furious. The champion opener proudly boasts of two thousand a day.

We spent several delightfully restful days in this little town, basking in the sun which finally did come out, and driving up by the Naval Reserve Park, beautifully wooded but cleared of all undergrowth, the trees hanging with soft gray moss. After a few day's rest, our plan was to

follow the gulf until we reached Texas, and then cross that state as far south as possible to avoid cold weather. On making inquiries, however, we found the conditions of water and mud on the route we proposed were almost prohibitive of going that way, and we were practically forced to leave the gulf and go further north. They told us that by putting our automobile on a barge every few miles where districts had become flooded, or in places hiring mules to drag the car through the mud when there was not enough water to float a barge, we could get through to New Orleans and on to San Antonio, Texas. As this would about double the daily expense, each ferry charging a high fee, and as the prospect of such kind of travel was not very tempting, we decided to go further north and then strike west without the assistance of trains or mules.

Before doing this, we went the few remaining miles between Biloxi and New Orleans by train, and spent a couple of days there seeing the sights of that famous old city. We took an early train one morning, after a night of heavy rain, with the clouds still threatening another down-pour. The

train crosses many bridges, having to traverse wide stretches of water before it draws into the depot at New Orleans, the largest city in Louisiana and the second oldest.

The city lies on the banks of the Mississippi only five feet above sea level, a hundred miles from its mouth; the river front is bristling with the masts of ships from all over the world.

After leaving our bags at a hotel, we went out by trolley to see Toulaine University, a college for men, and the Sophie Newcomb College for women in the near vicinity. As Fred had some acquaintances at Toulaine, we were shown through the buildings with every courtesy. The buildings and campus compare very favorably with any small northern college, and I believe the curriculum proves that the standard is high. The two days of our stay here slipped by very quickly and pleasantly. We took one of the sight-seeing busses around the city with a guide sitting up in front, shouting the points of interest through a megaphone. The old French or Creole quarter is fascinating as compared with the more modern section of the city. Some of its buildings even

date back to the Spanish regime, with red-tiled roofs and balconies having railings of intricate iron-work.

The old cemeteries in New Orleans are unique. Before the city was drained some twenty years ago, it was impossible to dig more than a few feet into the soil before coming to water, so the problem of disposing of the dead had to be met in a different way. The coffins were placed in graves above ground made out of stone, and erected in several layers, so that the whole effect is like shelves in a library. When these were all filled, the oldest coffins were taken out and burned, thus making room for the new ones.

We dined with friends in town that night, old residents who gave us many interesting side-lights on the life in the community. Next morning we decided to return to Biloxi and load up our car again after our week's rest, and start on what proved to be one of the most difficult parts of our whole trip.

From Biloxi we drove along the shore on good roads as far as Gulf Port, where we were obliged to turn northward on account of water conditions.

By afternoon we came upon a long muddy stretch full of holes, in one of which we stuck fast and had to be pried out with planks. There were always negroes on hand to help in any emergency like this.

At Magee, Mississippi, where we put up for the night, we heard tales of the bad condition of the road between there and Jackson. It was reported that in one place the water was three or four feet over the road and, although one man had just succeeded in getting through (with mules), it seemed foolish for us to try it. In dry weather this was the best road to Jackson, but we did not want to attempt it, so we circled around by another route. As it was, we stuck several times in the mud—one time up to our radiator—but Fred managed with the aid of a long pole to pry us out. We encountered no trouble on the road from Jackson to Vicksburg.

My husband and I took turns driving from the very start, alternating every two hours. It seemed best to divide the driving into time elements instead of distance, as the roads varied in condition so much that we sometimes only

made nine miles an hour where the driving was difficult, while at other times we skimmed along at a rapid pace on good macadam roads.

After spending a night at Vicksburg, we drove our car on board one of the quaint Mississippi River steamboats and were ferried across the river, landing several miles below. Everything at this place reminded me of Mark Twain's description of the river and its boats, as we watched them ply up and down.

Up to this point in our travels I had refrained from wearing my knickerbocker suit, as I had no wish to appear conspicuous and knew the costume was not fully acceptable in the east. I was told that west of the Mississippi River the wearing of such a costume was very common and nobody would give it a second thought, so I donned my knickerbockers and none too soon for convenience, as you will see from what was soon to happen to us.

After we abandoned our plan to drive through New Orleans and San Antonio, keeping close to the gulf, we hoped to go from Vicksburg directly west across Louisiana to Shreveport, but here

again we were thwarted. Taking one detour after another, we found ourselves at Little Rock, Arkansas, and later at Hot Springs, in the foot hills of the Ozarks, several hundred miles north of the route we had first planned. In avoiding the flooded districts of Louisiana by going further north seeking a better route, we practically jumped from the frying pan into the fire, for the road we finally had to take through Arkansas and eastern Texas was a veritable "slough of despond." From Hot Springs to Arkadelphia I quote from my journal: "It took us just four hours to go thirty miles." "The roads were terrible and we had to plunge into mud-holes and through streams up to our hubs, many times crawling along on low gear." Every road we took was described to us as "good" no matter how bad we found it, if it was only navigable. Once upon inquiry we were told, "That is a good road; a man got through there yesterday."

It was the day after, on our way from Arkadelphia to Texarkana, that we had the only really narrow escape from serious accident on our whole trip, and it was here that I was especially

Road Near Pine Bluffs, Arkansas

glad I had adopted the knickerbocker suit which insured me more freedom of movement in an emergency. Though the rain was pouring down, we had not put on our chains as nobody around there seemed to use them. In fact, very few people owned chains. My husband was driving along slowly and carefully when, in ascending a hill approaching an iron bridge, the car began to slip on the smooth curved surface of the road. He put on all the power to hasten the car so that it would make the bridge, but the sliding continued and the front fender struck the iron bridge railing with a bang, crumpling up. I looked down into the deep gully beside the road, with a stream at the bottom of it into which we were surely slipping, and wondered whether we would both be killed outright or only injured, as it seemed inevitable that either one or the other fate must come to us. Just at the critical moment at the very edge of the ravine the car stopped; later it developed that the front wheel caught on a log, only a small one, no more than three feet long and six inches thick, but it surely proved a life-saver to us. Fred sat rigidly holding

the brake and not daring to move, as the least jar might send the car on its way again, while I gingerly opened the door of the car and stepped out.

The rain was pouring down in torrents and the thick clay mud clung to my shoes, making them heavier every minute as I moved about. I managed to unearth the ropes, of which we had a good supply of long ones, without dislodging the car. Although my knees were trembling with fear for what might be my husband's fate at any moment, I reached under the car, kneeling in the mud to fasten one end of a rope around the front axle, while making the other end secure around the iron frame-work of the bridge.

A negro, who appeared upon the scene, passed another rope around the back axle making a hitch around a nearby tree. We each held to these ropes, letting them slip slowly through our hands, as the car was backed around until it was at right angles to the road. All this time I was terrified lest the rope would break and let the car down into the ravine, but slowly and surely it righted itself and I breathed a sigh of relief. We

put the chains on the wheels after that, as there was still some difficult going before reaching a stretch of macadam. We had to take another ferry across the Red River, delaying us so that we arrived at Texarkana after dark, where we put up at a hotel for the night.

Texarkana, as the name implies, is half in Texas and half in Arkansas, and there is quite a bit of rivalry between the two sections of the town. I believe the post-office is the only public building they have in common and, as I remember it, the streets were paved in the Texas half and not in the Arkansas section. On the whole we preferred Texas to Arkansas, though our hotel was in the latter state.

That evening, as we were sitting at a small table in a restaurant enjoying a well cooked dinner after our strenuous day, we noticed two men at the next table conversing in low tones. Seeing that we were studying a road map, one of them leaned over and asked to borrow it. This gave them a pretext to enter into conversation, which ordinarily we would have thought nothing of. They plied us with questions, however, as

to the road we were to take and when we would start, etc., without reciprocating in the least when we tried to find out anything about them. Their manner was rather furtive and it set us both to thinking that perhaps they or some confederates were planning some sort of a "hold up" for us the next day. Of course they knew that we had to travel with quite a supply of cash on hand and must have seen that we were "easy marks." "Hold ups" are all too common nowadays and, as we carried no firearms, friends often advised us not to pick up any strangers who might ask for a ride. As a precaution, we left Texarkana at a different time from that which we had mentioned to our "hold up" men, so nothing came of our scare and we shall never know whether or not they meant any harm.

After leaving Texarkana, the road conditions continued bad; in fact they proved almost impassable in the Sulphur River valley. Here the road ran for some distance between two rivers on a high bank, very narrow and slippery and with deep mud-holes. As we approached a hole one of us would get out to reconnoitre and try to

Cyclone Cellar, Central Texas

decide upon the best way to tackle it, at times throwing sticks, planks or stones into the bottom in an attempt to fill it sufficiently to pass over. Woe betide us if we met another car coming from the other direction, as it took the utmost care in maneuvering to pass. To our dismay, at the very narrowest place, as we were approaching a bridge, we saw a car coming toward us. Despite frantic waving on our part to halt them, they did not see us but kept right on until we met and we were forced to back along the narrow dyke for some distance before we reached a place wide enough for the two cars to pass. The slightest deviation from the ruts would have sent either of us hurtling down into the muddy waters of the Red River on the one side, or the chilly waters of the Sulphur River on the other and we were not yet ready for our sulphur bath. Notwithstanding its difficulties, the deed was finally accomplished, and the approaching car was passed without mishap. We found we had made only thirty miles in four and a half hours that day, and it was at this point of our journey that we came as near discouragement as at

any part of our entire trip of twelve thousand miles.

It sounds perhaps as if we were not having any fun, but I can assure my reader that the gradual change from day to day in the scenery, types of people and the characteristics of towns and villages through which we passed gave a constant interest and occasionally even excitement to our trip. We passed great fields of cotton and sugar-cane, day after day, and began to feel as if the whole world was made up of these large plantations. Gradually, as we emerged from the muddy river valleys into the plains of black loam, called the "Black Lands," and thence into sandy roads (the beginnings of the desert), we realized there is no distinct line between these different types of country.

Throughout the plain region of Texas every homestead has a cyclone-cellar, dug out and roofed over, in its near vicinity. As we had chosen the worst time of year for crossing, a season when the winds are cold and fierce, we were compelled to keep on all the side curtains day after day. It was easy to realize the im-

portance of these cellars, as at any time the wind might develop into a tornado. We met with various answers when we asked whether these cyclone-cellars were really used. One woman said, "Oh no, I never go into mine, though I suppose I will get caught sometime. When I hear a cyclone coming, I just turn over in bed and go to sleep again, and trust to luck it won't come my way." Another person said, "You bet I use mine! I always run in, when I hear one coming, as quickly as I can."

We experienced a mild cyclone ourselves one evening in this Texas plain region. At the end of our day's drive we found a very pretty place to camp beside a small stream not far from a village, and supper was well under way, dishes spread out on our handy little collapsible table, the pancakes cooking in the frying pan over our open grate-fire, when we heard a roar that sounded just like the distant approach of a train. We looked around and saw a cloud of dust and dry leaves whirling toward us. In a moment, the wind struck our camp, throwing the dishes helter skelter and putting out our fire. Fred rushed for

a blanket to throw over the table and what food and dishes were left, and roped them down, tying table and all to small trees nearby. The automobile stood so near the bank of the stream that we thought at any moment it might blow over, but there was nothing to do but wait and watch developments. As luck would have it, we were only on the outskirts of the small cyclone and the worst was over in a few minutes. We rebuilt the fire and I finished cooking the pancakes, which we ate after all, though I must confess they were a sorry mess. We had planned to sleep in our car and not put up the tent that night, as it was likely to blow down if we did. A comfortable arrangement for sleeping in the car had been devised by my husband. Both seat-cushions were raised as high as the back of the front seat and over this foundation a sheet of canvas was stretched and fastened at the four corners of the car.

However, after our little experience at supper time, especially as the clouds looked threatening and the lightning flashed occasionally around the horizon, we decided to drive back to the town

about a mile distant and seek a more sheltered place to camp.

It was pitch dark by this time and the cold wind still blew quite a gale. By inquiring we found that we could drive our car into the yard of a public garage and remain there all night. Being Saturday night, the garage was closed as well as all the stores. The only sign of life we saw was a small group of men huddled together on a tiny piazza sheltered from the wind. They seemed to enjoy even the mild excitement of the arrival of strangers in town. By drawing our car close up to the garage on the lee side, we passed a very comfortable night and cooked a good breakfast in the morning over the gasoline stove, which we placed upon our table. These small gasoline stoves are very convenient cooking devices. We used ours a great deal, for in some places we were not allowed to build a fire. Besides, the gasoline stove never blackened the kettles and that was a great comfort.

The Central Texas route took us through Dallas and Fort Worth, both large and modern cities. The roads were fine as we neared Dallas,

and for two hundred miles or more we made splendid time. We took luncheon at a very up to date restaurant in Dallas, and found it difficult to realize that we were so near the bad conditions of country so recently encountered. The same thing was true of Fort Worth, where we spent several days at a comfortable hotel in the heart of the city, "resting up," as we called it, from our steady traveling.

Fort Worth was formerly an army post, from which it derives its name. It is now a thriving city of over a hundred thousand inhabitants, where many industries are located.

CHAPTER IV

The Desert

AFTER leaving Fort Worth, we knew we were soon to encounter vast lonely stretches gradually changing from plain to desert, and that extra precautions were necessary. There were good macadam roads all the way to Brownwood, Texas, where we slept in the car on account of the high wind. It rained in the night—the first rain for eight months. In the morning, as the rain was still pattering on the roof of the car, we delayed our breakfast until it cleared off enough to light a fire. The roads were muddy when we started, making our progress slow again, but the sun soon came out and quickly dried them making the going quite good.

The character of the country and people was decidedly western by this time. Men wore wide-brimmed hats and often "chaps" (a kind of strong leather breeches or overall, usually fur-covered, worn to protect the legs from trees and brambles). In almost every town of any size

most of the men of the community were gathered in the public square, their saddle-horses hitched nearby to the railing enclosing it. This open square seemed to be the place where they transacted their business with one another, I suppose in many cases selling horses and cattle or other live stock.

Women were not much in evidence, as it seemed to be the custom for them to keep well in the background. In one town a patent medicine man was haranguing the crowd, and at the end of his talk it was incredible to see how much of the stuff he sold. Everyone seemed to be in need of a cure for rheumatism, toothache or some other affliction.

Our route lay through St. Angelo and Barnhart to Fort Stockton, real desert country by this time. Many horses, cattle, sheep and donkeys were roaming wild, and the jack-rabbits pricked up their long ears as we passed. Occasional carcasses of dead animals were lying in the hot sun, and buzzards were always flying about, ready to strip the bones and leave them lying white and bleaching upon the sands. The road

was sandy now, but on the whole fairly good. It was difficult passing other cars, however, for once out of the ruts it was no easy matter to get back into them again. We managed very well to get along by driving off to one side when we saw a car approaching, and stopping, then backing in our own tracks, when the car had passed. Occasionally with all our care one of us had to get out and push. One time we became so deeply imbedded in the sand that we had to be pulled out with ropes by a passing truck.

At Fort Stockton we camped in the public camp grounds, pitching our tent in a ravine near a stream, sheltered by an overhanging bluff, as the wind continued high. Some of the campers pitched their tents at the top of the bluff, for they said, "In case of a rain storm you will be drowned down in that gully." However we preferred the shelter from the wind even at the risk of being inundated although there was much truth in what they said, as the streams rise with incredible swiftness after a storm in that dry country. We made the acquaintance of two ladies at this camp who were traveling alone in a Ford car from

Florida to Oregon. That evening we played cards together on our roll-top table by the light of the automobile lamps.

As the country just ahead of us between Fort Stockton and El Paso was a long stretch of desert, mostly uninhabited, we were glad to make arrangements with these ladies to travel together for a day or two, at least to try to keep our cars in sight of one another. In case of engine trouble or impassable deep sand, we felt that two cars together were safer than one traveling alone. The weather was warm enough to drive without coats by this time, and at noon when we stopped for luncheon by the wayside the sun was hot. From Fort Stockton to Kent the road was rough and hilly and we made slow time. I had always pictured these desert stretches as being level, but here this was far from true. The country was broken up by rocky ridges rising to a considerable height. We camped at the small town of Kent the next night, pitching our tent near the railroad track and the stock-yards near by.

Water is scarce in this part of the country and except for some muddy, undrinkable stuff in a

nearby stream, there was none to be had in the town, as the drinking water all had to be brought in by train in barrels. Imagine people living contentedly in a place where they had to rely on a train to bring them their drinking water! There were only about twenty families in the town, and it happened that the day we arrived the train had failed to bring any water. The two Oregon ladies tried to obtain some, as their supply had run out, but no one would give them any. Luckily, we had enough for both parties, as Fred had seen to it that we should not go dry. When we started our desert traveling we had added a second large milk can for water to the one we already carried.

That night at Kent I shall never forget. The air was crystal clear and the stars shone like bright little electric lights. It was quite cold and the wind blew so fiercely that I thought surely our tent would go. It was hard to sleep under these conditions and we were up with the first rays of the sun and had an early breakfast, witnessing at the same time a glorious sunrise. From Kent to El Paso, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles the roads were mostly good, with only

occasional sandy stretches, and we made the distance in one day.

As we were driving along that morning in a lonely part of the country a solitary man stepped out from the side of the road and signaled to us to stop and take him in. Notwithstanding that we had been cautioned about picking up strangers and that our car was packed so full that the addition of a passenger was a great inconvenience, we stopped and made room for the man in the back seat. I did not feel very comfortable about it, however, and after we started it was not long before we discovered that he was insane, probably gone crazy over gold-hunting, as he rambled on about how rich he was going to be and how he was going to find a good streak of ore very soon. You can imagine my feelings then! With him in the back seat, I felt that we might be knifed at any moment. As it happened, he proved perfectly harmless, and we carried him a distance of twenty miles to Sierra Blanca where we had lunch.

The wind had been increasing in velocity all the morning, and before we reached this small

town we struck a sand storm, or rather a sand-storm struck us. In places it was impossible to see beyond the windshield, and we had to stop the car frequently to let the hardest gusts blow over. We were covered with dust and sand, which sifted in through the cracks in our curtains, and had to hold handkerchiefs to our noses to breathe freely. Just before reaching the town we came to some deep sand where the car stuck. As Fred was driving, the crazy man and I got out and pushed, succeeding finally in dislodging it. On reaching the town there was scarcely a person in sight and the dust was so thick that we covered our faces with handkerchiefs and ran for the only restaurant in the place. Here we learned that the sand had blown that way for a week, and people never left their houses unless on necessary business. Every year it blows hard in March, they told us.

We held a council of war with the Oregon ladies as to whether we should go on or not, as it was just noon and we wanted to reach El Paso that day. Although discouraged by the innkeeper, who said it would blow even worse beyond the town, we decided to go on. After the first mile

or so the wind abated, and contrary to predictions, we drove all the rest of the day without discomfort. Arriving in El Paso at nightfall, we went to the public camp-grounds, where we found plenty of company as some thirty or forty parties were camped about the grove. The wind was blowing hard again by this time, and we decided not to put up our tent, but sleep in the car. One of the tents did blow down that night and the others pulled and tugged at their guy ropes until it seemed as if they all must go.

By this time we had been having a long spell of steady traveling, much of which was strenuous owing to the character of the country we had passed through. (I never quite realized when I studied geography that it is as far across Texas as it is from Chicago to Florida.) Consequently we decided to stay a week in El Paso, taking a room at a hotel, thus changing our mode of living for a while and getting a complete rest.

As the city is situated in the midst of a dry, desert region, it is very natural there should be many sanitariums for tuberculosis patients. Some of them are fine structures located out in the

suburbs with beautiful views of the wide expanse of desert and mountains in the distance. El Paso is a city of fifty-three thousand inhabitants, and like other modern cities has many handsome buildings, among them a fine Masonic temple. In a park in the center of the town several large alligators crawl about on a grassy enclosure, affording diversion to the passer-by as well as to the many loafers who sit about all day on the benches.

As El Paso is on the Mexican border and the trolley cars run continually between that city and the Mexican town of Juarez, the trip is easy to make. The customs officers do not bother much to pry into one's baggage, although they are strict in not allowing any whiskey, tobacco or fire-arms to be taken across the border. We drove our car across a bridge into Juarez and spent several hours wandering about the town, taking pictures of the various types of people and houses one sees in Mexico. The town was infested with saloons, one on every corner and several in between. Many fine automobiles from the United States were drawn up in front of these miserable-looking

places, and well dressed men were patronizing them. It was a distressing sight to me to see what beasts some of them made of themselves.

One day, as I was walking alone through the main part of El Paso, I came upon a crowd of people blocking the traffic and standing in a dense mass in front of one particular building, gazing upward. I looked up to see what was attracting them, and saw two gentlemen standing on a balcony overlooking the crowd, one of them about to speak. I inquired of a little newsboy as to what was going on, and was told that Judge B. had advertised he would play the human fly and scale the outside of the building at eleven o'clock that day. It was well worth waiting to see the interesting performance, so I stopped. The outside of the building was smooth with very few ledges for a foothold, and was at least ten stories high. As the large and pompous judge was introduced to the crowd, I felt amazed that such a man should attempt so difficult a feat. He stepped forward and made an elaborate bow to the spectators, then said, "I want to remind you good people that it is the first of April." Stepping

The Author on the Desert, Central Texas

back he immediately retired from the balcony. There was dead silence in the crowd for a few moments, and then a roar of laughter went up as people began to realize they were the victims of an April fool joke.

Our sojourn in El Paso was delightful in many ways, and we look back upon it now as one of the pleasantest experiences of the trip. We decided to have the back of the front seat of our automobile cut down and put on hinges in order to make a bed, instead of the make-shift arrangement we already had. In El Paso we found a good mechanic who did this for us very successfully, and later we took much comfort in this arrangement.

After leaving the city we were again on the desert, threading our way along on the sandy roads which were at times not plainly marked, so that we had to follow closely the instructions in the guide-book. Fortunately, there is a very complete booklet of this region, giving a picture of the road and even marking the fence-corners of the occasional ranch.

It took us ten hours to reach Lordsburg, New Mexico, a distance of one hundred and seventy-three miles from El Paso. We passed frequent irrigation canals where crops were grown, but otherwise the country was dry and barren. Five miles west of Mesilla Park, we approached a bridge where the road turned sharply across one of these canals. Suddenly we noticed a small group of excited men, one of whom was waving to us to stop. Of course we wondered what was the matter, but soon saw an automobile turned turtle in the canal underneath the bridge. The two men occupying the car had been rescued with difficulty, and when we arrived on the scene one of them, the driver, was being cared for in a tent near by. The other man approached us as we stopped the car, dripping wet and holding on to his arm, which he thought was broken. His teeth were chattering from nervous chill and altogether he was a sorry-looking specimen. He asked us to drive him into Deming, a town sixty miles distant, and as we were on our way there, we gladly consented.

Fred Examining Chuck-Hole, Central Texas

In the absence of a doctor I undertook some first aid myself, feeling of his arm to see if it was broken, but as he could bend it easily I decided there was no break. We put a satchel, dripping wet, into the car, first wringing out the few clothes it held, and giving him an overcoat, wrapped him in dry blankets in the seat beside the driver. His arm hurt him considerably and as he continued to shiver, I gave him a good dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia. This seemed to help, and he stood the long trip well after that, enjoying his sandwiches with us as we stopped at noon for refreshment in what seemed to be the very middle of the desert.

From Lordsburg, New Mexico, to Geronimo, Arizona, was another day's march, and one never to be forgotten. The scenery was wonderful, rugged mountains in the distance rising from the level desert stretches, barren for the most part, or covered with mesquite and cactus. We ate our luncheon near the car with a feeling of awe at the silence and beauty around us. A big jack-rabbit came out to take a peep at us, but when I tried to get his picture he said, "No, I thank you," and

ran with leaps and bounds up the mountain-side near us.

The weather continued cold and windy, and often frost formed on the roof of our car during the night. We seldom pitched out tent now, but slept in the car with side curtains all up, often drawing it close to some building, trying to get shelter from the wind. The morning we left Geronimo it was frosty and we had to bundle up warmly.

Our route took us through several miles of the Apache Indian Reservation, and when we spied the teepees in the distance we took them for large dome-like haystacks, covered with squares of canvas. As we drew nearer we saw smoke issuing from holes in the top and knew then that we had mistaken teepees for haystacks. The Indians make a framework of slender poles bent together at the top, leaving a small opening for the smoke to escape. This they cover with what looked like palmetto leaves over which is thrown a large piece of canvas tethered to the ground to prevent blowing away.

We came upon a small group of Indians, two men riding on one horse, and a young girl, evidently the daughter of one of them, on foot. We stopped to exchange a word, as they seemed quite friendly, and asked to be allowed to take their pictures. The men did not object but the girl refused and turned her back, until her father coaxed her to have it done. One of the Indians then asked us to give him a lift of five miles or so to his home, whither he was bound, and we were glad to accommodate him.

We had quite an interesting conversation as we drove along, for he spoke English fairly well. As we neared his place he pointed with pride to quite a good looking house which he said he owned and had built himself. We asked if he lived in it. "No," he said, "I live in that teepee over there and keep my tools and farm implements in the house." We found this was true and not at all uncommon among the so-called educated Indians. As soon as they leave the schools that are trying to elevate them, they often revert to their old form of living and even drop the use of English which they may have learned to speak well.

Although the Apaches have been the most reluctant of all the Indian tribes to adopt so-called civilization, it has recently been announced that the government has at last persuaded them to abandon their teepees for the modern home. The Department of the Interior has completed plans for the erection of frame houses for these Indians. A sawmill has been started on the reservation and already much lumber has been cut, which will be used by the Apaches in building their cottages.

We reached Globe, a city of eight thousand inhabitants, about noon, and had to take our car directly to a garage for some minor repairs. It was late in the afternoon before we could start on the trip to the Roosevelt Dam, but as the roads were good, we determined to make it that night. It took careful driving despite the well-graded mountain road, owing to the many curves where it lies close to the edge of precipices.

The scenery was very fine, with rugged mountains all about us. The big dam, named for that remarkable man who conceived the plan, is the largest irrigation project in the western hemisphere. Night was coming on as we approached

Yucca, Arizona

it, and we had to drive with great caution owing to our unfamiliarity with the road which was difficult enough to navigate in the daytime. The route took us across the immense structure itself on a wide paved way. There is a good hotel near the dam where we spent the night and in the morning I took various pictures but as I could not climb down to the bottom of the dam, where the best view is, my pictures do not give a good idea of its vastness.

Instead of continuing on the famous Apache trail, which is very rough and dangerous as it climbs above the dam, we partly retraced our steps of the night before, taking a round-about route through Miami, Arizona, to Phoenix.

On our way down we visited the Tonto cliff-dwellings, which are situated a mile or so off the main road, high up on one of the mountain-sides. We left the car and climbed for some distance up a zigzag path to what looked like a cave, or deep depression in the mountain-side. Here were some ruins of the dwellings of a people who are said to antedate the Indians in this country. Much of the wall was in a good state of preservation and

part of the wooden floor supports were still intact. Projecting beams broken off and somewhat charred showed there had been a second story to their dwellings. The old blackened fireplaces were still in good condition, looking as if the rooms had been lived in only a few decades ago, instead of several thousand years, as some authorities estimate the time. The dryness of the desert prevented the wooden beams from rotting, as they surely would have done in a moist climate.

The road from Miami to Mesa passed through a wonderful bit of scenery, the mountains rising on all sides of us, steep and rocky. We spent the night in the camp-grounds at Mesa and again there was frost on the ground and the roof of our car when we awoke in the morning.

Our next stop was at Phoenix, a city of twenty-seven thousand inhabitants, located in the midst of vast desert stretches with rugged mountains rising in the distance. The streets are lined with beautiful trees and the avenues decorated with countless flowers, especially roses. It is well named the "Rose City." If it were not for the large irrigation system throughout this section of the country these big towns could not exist.

Cliff Dwelling Near Roosevelt Dam

As it is, Phoenix is a thriving, flourishing community, and some of the people have grown rich from the products of the soil, such as oranges, olives and dates. Almost every known variety of tree and shrub grows luxuriantly here.

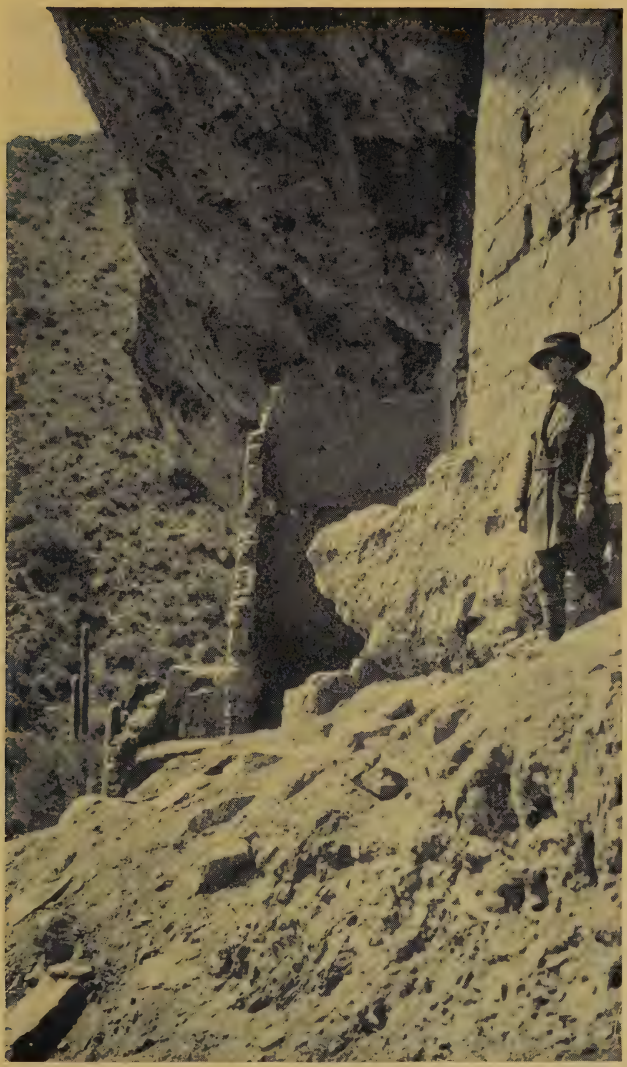
During the one night of our stay in Phoenix, a man was taken out into the suburbs and tarred and feathered by masked members of the Ku Klux Klan, so we were told. The little newsboy of whom we bought our morning paper said, "Served him right." What an example for the youth of this country! Can a fine civilization come out of lawlessness? It was not the first time on our travels across the southern states that we had seen evidences of this terrible Klan, and we were appalled to see the power it was gaining over the people of the south and west, taking the law into its own hands and wearing masks to prevent detection. Could anything be more cowardly or more at variance with our constitution? We felt that the people of the United States had not sufficiently waked up to the great menace of this organization.

After leaving Phoenix we had our longest desert

drive without a house or sign of a human being; over ninety miles of poor, sandy roads with "chuck-holes" occurring at frequent intervals. This is a term used to describe holes in the road, sometimes two or three feet deep, washed out by the rains. It is impossible to avoid them, and the continual dipping down and up, with considerable racking of the automobile, was somewhat tiring by the end of the day. We were glad to stop at the little town of Vicksburg, Arizona, for a night's rest, after driving over those trying roads for almost a hundred miles. There were only a dozen people in the town, although it contained a store and a small shack used as a restaurant, besides three or four houses.

Several tourists were camping that night and all desired to huddle close up to the houses sheltered from the strong wind that was blowing. This was not allowed, however, as the authorities were afraid we would set fire to the buildings in some way, so there was nothing to do but to park out in the full blast of the gale.

We met a pleasant gentleman that night at the tiny restaurant where we took supper, a Princeton



Cliff Dwelling Near Roosevelt Dam

graduate who had spent several years in Arizona trying to regain his health. He lived in his saddle, and had explored every nook and cranny of that section of the country. Once he found a skeleton in one of the prehistoric dwellings which had never been discovered before, from the study of which he deduced some new theories about the cliff-dwellers, quite different from those usually accepted. He had a small bag full of Mexican agates, (or Mexican opals, as they are miscalled), which he had picked up on the desert and was going to have polished and made into jewelry. He knew just where to find them but we, in our ignorance, might have passed by many without knowing it.

Making an early start from Vicksburg we continued our way over sandy roads, encountering many "chuck-holes." By noon we reached the Colorado River, which was very swift and in another week was in full flood, overflowing its banks. We ferried across on a small barge which was attached to an overhead wire to keep it from being swept down the river (a rather perilous crossing, we thought, but safely accomplished).

As we drove off the boat we smiled at each other with great satisfaction, for here we were at last in the state of California, one of the goals of our ambitious trip.

The plan was to cross the desert from Blythe to Mecca and then go down into the Imperial Valley and across the mountains to San Diego. Our daughter Eleanor, who had a secretarial job at the Institute of Technology in Pasadena, planned to come to Mecca by train and join us for a week-end trip. At Blythe we stopped for luncheon, leaving the car at a garage to have a tire repaired.

Up to this point in our travels the health of our little party had been unimpeachable, but for some unaccountable reason, as we continued our drive that afternoon, through interminable sand and "chuck-holes," I began to feel sick. As we were striving to reach Mecca by the end of the week (and a "Mecca" it was, indeed, for us, as it finally turned out) to meet our daughter, I made light of my feelings, and drove on until dark, through heavy, sandy roads, sometimes getting out to help push the car, when it became too deeply imbedded.

Never shall I forget how those wide desert stretches affected me, with their ceaseless monotony as far as the eye could reach. When I stopped to think of the five hundred thousand square miles of desert in this country, spoken of in one of the guide-books, it made me feel very small indeed and rather anxious too by this time, on account of feeling so ill.

Our destination that night was the next watering place, Grüendike Well it was called until a short time ago, when a man and his wife put up a shack there to sell gasoline and called it Desert Center. It was appropriately named we thought, for besides the shack, two or three large tents and a chicken-yard, there was nothing but broad expanse of desert to be seen in any direction. The family kept a diminutive store, selling canned goods, eggs, etc., to wayfarers, and one could get a fair meal at one of the two tables in the small front room, which they dignified by the name of a restaurant.

The wind blew so hard that we decided not to put up our tent but to sleep in the car, keeping all the side curtains on to keep out the sand, which

blew in great clouds. That night I felt no better and when morning came I had a high fever. In my small medicine kit I had a clinical thermometer with which to take my temperature. It registered over 103°! From all the symptoms, I knew that I had an attack of ptomaine poisoning and that I had not the proper remedies to cope with it. We were sixty miles from the railroad, telegraph, or even a doctor, and I was by this time too ill even to think of moving on. The two kind women in the place tried to help me in every way they could, suggesting such mild remedies as they had on hand, and even offering me a bed in one of their tents. Later the tent blew down and another was torn to ribbons in the wind, so we were thankful we had declined their offer.

During the five days and nights that I lay in the car desperately ill, my husband was a tower of strength to me, and with his kind and gentle nursing helped me to keep up my courage. Every night he slept on the ground rolled up in a blanket near by, so that I could have the car to myself. Although he was never born to be a cook, he managed to prepare simple meals for himself over

Giant Cactus and Occotillo, Arizona

the Adirondack grate, keeping a bright fire of mesquite burning much of the time. On one occasion the chickens stole the sandwiches off his plate when his back was turned! In fact, they became such a nuisance that after the first day Fred drove the car off some quarter of a mile from the house, where we had the desert quite to ourselves. His food always had a good mixture of sand with it, as the wind continued to blow. He sent a message every day to Eleanor in Pasadena through tourists who occasionally drove by, but only two of these ever reached her. She was naturally very anxious and could in no way get word to us in return.

On the sixth day I was able to drive on, lying weak and exhausted in the back seat while my husband drove the sixty miles over rough roads to Coachella, a small town on the railroad. I was not too ill by this time to appreciate the scenery and as we drove through narrow, rocky defiles in the mountains, and along by the side of the Salton Sea (a region which is two hundred and sixteen feet below sea level), I propped myself up on my elbow and became absorbed looking out at

that marvelous bit of country. There we found a good doctor and I went immediately to bed in one of the small hotels of the place. A long distance telephone call brought my daughter by the next train, and the following night she and I took the sleeper through to Pasadena, where I landed in a hospital.

Fred drove the car alone from Coachella to Pasadena, thus ending our long trip across the continent!

CHAPTER V

Southern California

PASADENA, that beautiful residential city, proved to be an ideal place for me to regain my physical vigor. In less than three weeks I was feeling as good as new, ready for more worlds to conquer.

We located in a good boarding-house where our daughter was staying, near the Hotel Maryland in the heart of the city. The evenings were cool, and in the early mornings there was usually a slight fog in the atmosphere obscuring the sun. The gas furnace in the house was usually turned on nights and mornings for the comfort of the guests. This was the latter part of April when, everybody said, we must expect it to be cool.

We found the people of Pasadena were rather sensitive about the least adverse criticism of the place, and there was one lady in the house whom they said made her friendships according to whether one liked, or did not like, the city. For me it was not at all difficult to fall in love with

Pasadena, although I found one could not always find that wonderful sunshine, so much talked about, as one of its chief attractions.

We took the trip up Mount Lowe, going by trolley to the base of the mountain, and then by funicular or cable railway up its steep side, to a point several hundred feet above the surrounding country. Here we again took a trolley, and this last part of the trip is enough to take one's breath away, for the track runs around rocky ledges and across trestles, bridging chasms many thousand feet deep. One young lady in the seat with us asked to sit in the middle so she could not look down on either side. We were just a mile above the valley when we reached the hotel and the delicious mountain air was very invigorating. At this hotel fifteen hundred feet below the summit, one can get a good dinner, but we carried our luncheon and preferred to wander along the mountain paths until we found a suitable place with an inspiring view, where we could be alone to enjoy the grandeur of the scenery all about us.

There was an amusing little tram-car on a narrow track which penetrated the woods along

Ferry Crossing the Colorado River

the ridge of the mountain for a mile or so beyond the hotel. A mule hitched between shafts pushed the car from behind, being urged on by the driver walking in the rear with a long whip. They told us that this mule had had its picture taken more times than any other mule in the world! The return trip to Pasadena was fully as thrilling as the ascent, and that night we had many interesting incidents to recount to our friends at the dinner table.

Another trip of special interest was a bus ride up Mount Wilson, where the famous large reflecting telescope is erected, with its accompanying observatories. The busses that are used to make this ascent have the best engines possible, as the grade in the steepest parts is twenty per cent, and is never less than twelve per cent throughout the nine miles of narrow, winding road from the base of the mountain to its summit. This mountain is one thousand feet higher than Mount Lowe, and affords an ideal spot for the location of an observatory. On the way up we passed through a bank of clouds obscuring the view temporarily, but at the top we came out into the brilliant sunshine

and could look down upon the beautiful fleecy effects of the white clouds below. We were fortunate in meeting two of the astronomers, who live at the top of the mountain and conduct their observations whenever the weather conditions permit. They took us through the buildings and showed us the delicate adjustments of the large instrument. As we did not spend the night there, of course we had no chance to observe any of the heavenly bodies through the telescope. Nevertheless, we felt well repaid for the trip.

Being so near the Pacific, the ocean had its lure for us, and we decided to go down to the beaches near Los Angeles and search for a nice resting place where we could vegetate for a while. At Santa Monica we found a tiny furnished cottage near the sea that exactly suited our needs, and we spent three delightful weeks in this spot.

The water along the California coast is almost too cool for bathing a great part of the year, although many people who do not object to the low temperature go in every day. The majority of people prefer a swim in one of the large swimming pools, or "plunges" as they are called, which

are provided at almost every tourist resort along the coast.

The salt water is constantly changing in these pools, being warmed by steam, thus making the water so mild in temperature that one can stay in a long time without feeling chilled. The plunges are provided with diving-boards, high and low, so that even the most daring can have plenty of excitement. The depth of the tank is graduated from three to nine feet and the sides plainly marked, so that one may choose the depth of water in which he wishes to swim. There are always one or more guards in attendance ready to give assistance to any one in trouble.

Always, I say, but here I must refer to a sad accident that happened while we were at one of the plunges. Suddenly a girl was missed from among her companions, who were playing about in the water, and immediately search was made. Her body was found by one of our party, floating face downward several feet below the surface. As there was no guard in sight, a young man, a close friend of ours, dived down and brought her to the surface. He worked over her in the pre-

scribed method for an hour while others were frantically trying to find the pulmotor, but there was no life left. The theory was that the girl must have fainted, and thus disappeared quietly beneath the surface without attracting attention. (Let me add that this did not happen at Santa Monica, nor at either of the neighboring resorts, Ocean Park or Venice.)

It is really quite a thrilling sight to enter one of these large plunges and see the laughing, jolly crowd, some playing handball, some diving, but most of them bobbing about like corks and trying to swim. The women when in bathing are not troubled with an excess of clothing, but usually wear the same style of suit that the men wear. These colors are varied and bright and, with gay caps to crown it all, make a brilliant sight. There is a town ordinance in Venice that people shall not walk through the streets in their bathing suits unless they have coats or robes thrown over them. The carrying out of this rule is not so satisfactory, perhaps, as was expected, for one meets walking on the sidewalks, gay throngs of people in their bathing suits with bath-robes

Mexican Beggar, Juarez

thrown carelessly over their shoulders and flying open to the breezes, showing off the figure to as good advantage as if no robe were worn.

The distance along the beach from our cottage to the plunge at Venice, where we liked to go the best, was about a mile and a half, and we sometimes used to take the little tram car which ran along the sidewalk by the edge of the beach. These trams were locally called "caterpillars" as they glide along the sidewalk like worms. They resemble two sofas placed back to back with a platform on either side on which to rest the feet. The motorman and conductor, all in one, manipulates a steering-wheel in front, tooting an amusing little horn to keep pedestrians out of the way. Our rate of progress on one of these conveyances was about five miles an hour.

We had some jolly week-end parties in the little cottage when my daughter brought down some of her young friends from Pasadena. By putting up tents in the camp-grounds near by, and making use of all the extra sleeping accommodations in the cottage, we could entertain quite a crowd. One morning I remember we had twelve people to

breakfast, and the dining-room was packed to overflowing. Our dinner that day we took in the open, broiling the steak over a fire built in a most romantic spot in one of the many beautiful canyons running up from the coast. We had to get a fire permit from one of the State Troopers who were constantly on the watch, as there is a strict law about building fires on account of the danger to the forests.

The week-ends during our stay at the cottage were devoted to taking various trips to points of interest near by, or to entertaining friends at home. As Eleanor was working in Pasadena during the week, this gave her an opportunity for an outing. We went by boat to Catalina island one week-end, spending a night in the large hotel which commands a wonderful view of the ocean and the distant mainland. Of course we went out in one of the glass-bottom boats to see the great variety of fish swimming about on the floor of the ocean. It seemed odd to see gold fish almost a foot long, and as we skirted the island we could see many seals sunning themselves on the rocks. That evening our party attended a dance in the Casino and altogether we had a very jolly time.

Mexican Church Built in 1638

The trip to San Diego from Los Angeles we had taken several years before, but we could not resist the desire to see it again, this time taking our camping outfit, so that we could stop wherever we chose for the night. Two nieces of ours arrived from the East about this time, so we included them as well as our daughter in the party.

We started late on Friday afternoon from Pasadena, where we picked up the young people, who were much thrilled at the prospect of a camping trip, as it was a novelty, especially to the newcomers, who had never camped out before in their lives. They felt very gay in their brand new knickerbockers, a costume they did not dare to wear in New York. The weather was perfect and the trip was one dream of beauty from beginning to end. Flowers were blooming everywhere and the roses, great large ones such as grow in hot houses in the East, were climbing all over the walls. We passed through groves of walnut trees and orchards of grapefruit and oranges, which gave out sweet perfume of the blossom as we drove along.

It was dark when we reached the old Mission of San Juan Capistrano, where we found a spot near its walls to pitch our tent. The next morning we were up bright and early, and took breakfast at a near-by restaurant before making our tour of inspection of the old Mission.

It was very impressive to me to see the enormous amount of good work the early Mission Fathers did in this wild country, which was in quite a state of savagery when they built these Missions. The Indians trusted them implicitly and helped them to build, coming to the Missions when they were finished to be educated in the ways of the white man. What a pity that the men who came after the Padres were not of the same high type! Instead of making friends with the Indians, they made enemies of them and undid much of the good the Fathers had done, finally driving them into the mountains to starvation. The Missions now stand partly in ruins as monuments of the high minded attempt of some great men to raise the Indian out of his ignorance and superstition.

The drive from Capistrano to San Diego will live forever in my memory. The well-graded

Beach Near Santa Monica

concrete road follows the outline of the coast, sometimes winding high up on the bluffs, and again descending to the ocean level and almost touching the breakers as they roll in from the Pacific. We took dinner that day at Coronado Beach, having driven rather hurriedly through San Diego, intending to see more of it on our way back. We enjoyed resting on the sandy beach after dinner, watching the waves roll in, before continuing the day's sightseeing.

Before turning back we drove down to the Mexican city of Tia Juana just across the border. It was a God-forsaken place, we thought, hot and barren of trees, and like Juarez, infested with saloons. There used to be a famous race-track at Tia Juana, but that seems to have been given up. The day we arrived they were making preparations for a bull-fight the next day, and we met many cars crossing the border to witness this exciting pastime.

Border towns in Mexico are anything but attractive, partly on account of the type of people who go there from this side to get "booze" since our prohibition amendment. Notwithstanding the

comparatively few who evade the law in this way, we were tremendously impressed on the whole trip by the absence of drunkenness, or resulting disorderliness, in the hundreds of towns and villages and even cities that we passed through. I compared it with other times when we had traveled, before prohibition was in force, when there were often disorderly rows heard in the barrooms of supposedly respectable hotels, and much more drunkenness seen on the streets. No one can make me believe that prohibition has not had a good effect on the country as a whole.

San Diego has such a mild, equable climate that many people prefer it to any other place in the United States. It is especially good for old people, who certainly have a new lease of life when they go there to reside. The temperature rarely goes below 60 degrees or above 75 degrees either in winter or in summer. It is a very lovely city, and we wished we had more time to spend there.

Saturday night we camped on the beach a mile north of La Jolla (pronounced La Hoiya), pitching our tent on a bluff overlooking the ocean.

The town is a charming winter resort that attracts many tourists. It has also a biological laboratory which brings able scientists from all over the country for research work in this beautiful spot. In this vicinity is a grove of "Torrey Pines," a relic species of pine found now only near La Jolla and on Santa Rosa Island.

Several fishermen were camping on the bluff near our tent, and as is the custom in this part of the country, we soon made their acquaintance. They showed us a fine string of fish they had caught just in the breakers below the rocky bluff.

The full moon that night made everything almost as light as day, lending enchantment to the scene, and as we drifted off to sleep, rolled up warmly in our blankets (for the air was cool), we felt a great content steal over us.

By seven o'clock the next morning we were stirring, and soon had a good breakfast ready of hot coffee, cereal and eggs, cooked over our convenient little two-burner gasoline stove. We drew the gasoline from the car from an improvised faucet whenever needed. It may not seem so

romantic to cook over gasoline, when all the traditions of camp life call for a glowing wood-fire, but remember, we were *modern* Gypsies, and found some recent improvements of great advantage in a life such as we were leading. Nothing can take the place of the roaring camp-fire, however, when congenial friends are gathered together for a social time. It was not always easy to find fire-wood, and in some places fires of any kind were prohibited on account of danger to forests, so many times we would have been without means of cooking if it had not been for our stove.

We stopped again at the Capistrano Mission on our way back to Pasadena, taking luncheon at a hotel near its gates. From there on we made a quick run home and everyone voted our week-end party a great success.

My husband and I stayed over night with Eleanor, returning the following morning to the little cottage at Santa Monica for a final packing of our belongings, ending our delightful stay in southern California.

The Three Cousins in Garden of the San Juan Capistrano Mission

CHAPTER VI

The Yosemite

IT WAS nearing the first of June now, and our plan was to take a prolonged camping trip into the Yosemite National Park, as soon as the road conditions would permit. Snow blocks the way into the Yosemite until the last part of May, and some of the roads are impassable until after the middle of June. It was always something of a job to pack all our luggage after one of our long stops, and it took us most of the morning to close up the cottage and stow our paraphernalia away in the car again.

Leaving Santa Monica about noon, we drove northward all the rest of the day until dark, taking the Ridge route to Bakersfield across the San Gabriel Mountains, and down into the San Joaquin Valley, a distance of one hundred and twenty-seven miles. This route has not been opened very long, and it must have cost the state of California a large amount of money to grade successfully such a long stretch of mountain range.

The fine concrete road winds and twists along the backbone of the mountains, affording a marvelous view on either side.

The distance from Santa Monica to the Yosemite is between three and four hundred miles, and the most direct route lies through the San Joaquin Valley, after crossing the mountains in the south.

California has the peculiar advantage of varying climates within its borders, owing to its two long mountain ranges running parallel north and south with a great valley in between. This valley has different names as it progresses, such as San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, but its characteristics are the same, dry and hot and very fertile where it is irrigated. Only a comparatively short distance to the west, across the Coast Range, the temperatures are lower and there is often considerable moisture in the air. The peaks of the Sierra Nevada range, which lies along the eastern part of the State, are sometimes covered with snow the year around, thus making it possible to find winter climate with low temperatures when one so desires. The excessive heat that is

Our Camp at Wawona

sometimes experienced in the valleys never causes heat prostrations, owing to its dryness. The valley of the Yosemite lies at right angles to this long central valley of California, cutting its way through the rocky formations of the Sierra Nevada range, and is about one hundred miles east of San Francisco.

The yucca was in full bloom at this time of year, and the mountain-sides were dotted with its large white blossoms. The word yucca means "bayonet" in Spanish, describing the form and character of the leaves. The blossom, which grows at the top of a long, woody or fibrous stem, is a cluster of white, bell-shaped, pendulous flowers, often measuring over a foot in diameter. The stems are sometimes twenty feet high, the leaves clustering around their base. "Our Lord's Candle," or "Adam's Needle," the plant is commonly called. It is much used in decorations for church weddings, we were told, and we met many tourists carrying these huge blossoms on the running-boards of their automobiles, though we doubted whether there were as many weddings as that. The authorities warn people not to cut them as

they are in danger of being exterminated, but the warnings are not very well heeded, we noticed.

Our drive through the San Joaquin valley was hot, the temperature registering 100 degrees. This valley is very fertile where it has been irrigated and we passed many vineyards, olive and orange groves. A large part of it is barren, however, with hardly a tree in sight, as we learned to our discomfort whenever we wanted to stop for our noonday meal.

After an all day's ride from Bakersfield, we reached the city of Merced, called the "Gate Way" to the Yosemite. From there one can take a train to El Portal, the track leaving the valley and winding higher and higher into the Sierra Range. From El Portal large busses take the passengers into the Park on good roads that follow the rushing torrent of the Merced River through most picturesque scenery. As we had an automobile and did not care to ship it by train, our route was necessarily quite different. The Wawona trail was the only one open for us, and we were told the road was none too good.

After a good supper at a restaurant in Merced, we camped in the public camp-grounds, a place almost barren of trees, with no grass and plenty of mosquitoes. We were up betimes the next morning and had breakfast at a café, thus enabling us to make an earlier start than if we had cooked our own. A line of busses (in reality Pierce Arrow touring cars), runs over the Wawona route from Merced into the Yosemite, and, as the first bus leaves at eight-thirty in the morning, we hurried our breakfast in order to get started first. In this way we were able to drive for several miles before a bus overtook us. We were never able to drive as fast as these experienced drivers, however, and they were sure to catch us even when we had a good start.

The first thirty miles were practically level over good roads, and then the climbing began, the route winding about on steep, dirt roads until we reached an elevation of six thousand feet. We went much of the time in low gear, making only eight miles an hour, often meeting cars coming in the opposite direction, which rounded the curves ahead of us with startling suddenness,

so that our attention could not waver from the road ahead for an instant.

The woods grew dense, and the scenery magnificent as we caught frequent vistas through the trees of the rugged mountains all around us. By taking turns driving, we could each of us have an opportunity of feasting our eyes on the beauty of the country through which we were passing.

We stopped by the wayside about one o'clock for an hour or so to eat our sandwiches, lying on the soft pine needles and gazing off at the entrancing view. The driving almost all the morning had been strenuous and we were congratulating ourselves upon having navigated the steep parts so easily, when someone told us the steepest was yet to come. It took some courage to start again under these circumstances, but thanks to the good engine of our car we made the ascent without mishap, though at the steepest part there is a twenty per cent grade. We had no need of adjusting our carbureter at any time during the whole trip, and as we climbed higher and higher our little car seemed to enjoy the mountain air as much as we did, and gave us no trouble at all by getting short-winded.

Yosemite Falls, Our Tent in Foreground

We planned to camp that night at Mariposa Grove, which is on the edge of the Yosemite Park, as we did not wish to hurry through this remarkable forest of giant sequoia trees. Consequently we took this part of the trip rather leisurely and arrived late in the afternoon, only to find that no camping was allowed in the grove. Although we were disappointed, we realized the precaution was a wise one on account of the danger to the big trees from fire. It would indeed be a disaster if the country should lose by fire these marvelous trees. Some of them are several thousand years old, and of such monster proportions that men look like mere pigmies standing beside them.

Several trees in this grove measure about thirty feet in diameter and are something over two hundred feet high. The automobile road runs through the trunk of one of these trees and it gave a curious impression indeed to drive through it. Big Trees Lodge is situated in the heart of the grove at an elevation of six thousand feet above sea level. These huge trees, it seems, do not exist at lower levels. Owing to the season

being early when we visited the grove, the Lodge was not open, so we were forced to seek another location for our night's camping. We were there, however, at the most beautiful part of the day, when the long slanting rays of the sun streamed through the forest, shedding a sunset glow over everything.

Late as it was, we had plenty of time to drive around the grove before turning our backs on this fascinating place. We reached the camp-grounds at Wawona before dark, and here found an ideal place to pitch our tent on a wooded slope near a rushing torrent. Being so happily situated and feeling somewhat tired from the strain of three days of difficult driving since leaving our little cottage at Santa Monica, we decided to stay in this beautiful place at least two nights before descending into the Yosemite Valley.

We met some pleasant people who were camping near by, and several of us sat around the campfire that first night telling stories of our individual experiences. It is remarkable how quickly friendships spring up in such surroundings. With all the conventions of civilization reduced to a mini-

mum, how much easier it is to estimate the real character of a person met casually in this way.

The large hotel at Wawona is quite a resort for Californians who come there to avoid the heat, many of them spending the whole summer, enjoying golf and the good fishing in the icy waters which flow down from the melting snow on the mountain-sides. The rays of the sun in the middle of the day are exceedingly hot at this altitude, but in the shade the air is cool, and at night we needed all our blankets wrapped around us to protect us from the chilly air.

On the morning of the second day after this pleasant camping experience, we broke camp early and started out on the hazardous mountain road which leads directly into the Yosemite Valley. We wished to reach the "Control" (a term applied to that part of the road, too narrow for cars to pass, which is regulated by the authorities for the safety of traffic), by eleven o'clock and thought we had allowed more than enough time, but as ill-luck would have it we had one of the few punctures of our whole trip when we were only half way there, and had to draw the car off the road to

change a tire. Fortunately, we could do this, as we happened to be in a place where the road widened out, giving plenty of room for passing cars. Notwithstanding this delay, we arrived at Inspiration Point (the beginning of the "Control") in plenty of time and joined the long line of automobiles, about thirty in number, waiting to descend into the valley. Here we took pictures of the rugged mountains in the distance and the many waterfalls descending over their sides. It is from this point that one has a fine view of the famous Bridal Veil Falls.

On the even hours the cars are allowed to come up from the valley, and on the odd hours to descend. The guard in charge of the "Control' station takes the license number and description of each car, and the number of occupants; then telephones this information to the station at the other end. When all is ready and the last ascending car is accounted for, the signal is given for the procession to start down the four miles of precipitously narrow road. The drivers are cautioned to keep the cars in low gear, as brakes could not be depended upon in such a case.

The grandeur of the scenery as we dropped down into this beautiful valley is hardly surpassed in any other part of the country. How the rivers and glaciers of past ages ever cut such a swath through the solid rock is difficult to imagine. The rocky peaks rising abruptly thousands of feet from the floor of the valley look impossible to climb. However, on closer acquaintance with them later, we found paths zigzagging up their sides along narrow ledges, making most of the peaks accessible. Multitudes of waterfalls rushing over the sides of these precipices lend an unusual picturesqueness to the scene. The Yosemite Falls, the highest of these, have a drop of fourteen hundred and thirty feet.

On the floor of the valley, which is flat like a park, lies Yosemite Village about five miles from its eastern end. This village is made up of hotels and stores which supply the needs of the summer tourists. A few people live there the year around, but it is too isolated in winter to be attractive to many.

Upon entering a National Park one has to register his name and address, and pay a fee of

several dollars, varying in the different Parks from two and a half to seven and a half dollars. A bright-colored paper disk about five inches in diameter is then pasted on the windshield, bearing the name of the Park and a picture of some wild animal to be found in the region. Visiting five National Parks as we did before the summer was over, we had our windshield fairly well covered with these bright colored labels, and we were justly proud of the achievements which they represented.

At Yosemite Village we registered for a camping place near Camp Curry, which is a mile and a half from the village toward the eastern end of the valley. The spots where one may pitch a tent are all numbered, so that after one is registered he may be easily located by friends who might wish to look him up. The camp-grounds are kept in good order being inspected daily by Rangers who ride continually around the Park on beautiful horses. It was one of the cleanest camps we had encountered anywhere, and we thoroughly enjoyed our two weeks stay in this lovely spot.

Camp Curry is typical of the large tourist camps one finds in all the National Parks, although it had an atmosphere of its own and in some respects we thought it was the best of any we visited. It is managed like a hotel and is not a place for private campers. There are perhaps three hundred permanent tents and tiny wooden bungalows all grouped around a grove of trees where is located the large dining-hall, the post-office, a dancing pavilion, and a log cabin used for a writing room with little tables scattered about furnished with Camp Curry writing paper, pens and ink. Around two sides of this writing pavilion is a large piazza, where in the evenings entertainments are given for the guests when the weather is favorable, as it almost always is in summer. In fact, almost every convenience, and every luxury, is provided for the tourist here, such as an out-of-door swimming-pool, tennis-courts, laundries and even shampoo-parlors. Saddle-horses are for hire, and horseback parties are arranged for those liking this form of pastime, with competent guides who take the tourists to many points of interest.

Frequent lectures are given concerning things of scientific interest in the valley. Sometimes the talks are about the geological wonders of the region, and sometimes of birds, flowers, or trees, as the lecturer may decide. Once there happened to be a clergyman in the audience listening to a lecture on geology. He became excited when the speaker talked of the ages it had taken to make the earth as it is today, and jumped up exclaiming, "I must make a protest against listening to such heresy. The Bible said the earth was made in six days and it must be so." As for the theory of evolution, he would have none of it. To most of the people there I must say that his attitude was amusing.

Camp Curry lies directly under Glacier Point, a rock jutting out at the top of the precipice some three thousand feet above the floor of the valley. That first night after we had pitched our tent with its front door facing, and in full view of, the Yosemite Falls, we had a camp supper, and then went over to the entertainment at Camp Curry. Every night there was an entertainment given similar to the one this first night, so the following

The "Wawona" Tree, Our Car Passing Through

description will be typical of the way our evenings were spent.

Several hundred chairs were grouped around the corner of the piazza, which formed a stage for the performers. Large stately fir trees rose all about us to great heights, and a huge bonfire, which burned brightly near by, was very welcome, as the early June evenings were cool. Promptly at half past seven the performance began, usually consisting first of a short instructive talk as to the points of interest to be visited in the region, then music given by a small mandolin club, a solo or two, vocal or otherwise, and Mrs. Gillson's monologue, which was quite the feature of the occasion. For many years, they say, she has given these monologues at Camp Curry and usually "brings down the house" with her quaint humor and mimicry.

At the close of the entertainment, promptly at nine o'clock, came the time for the fire to fall, and this ceremony, especially on that first night, thrilled us with the romantic beauty of the whole scene. Another large bonfire had been burning during the evening at Glacier Point, three thou-

sand feet above our heads, but was not in sight from below. At a given signal the man at Camp Curry called "Hel-lo Gla-cier," as loud as he could. Then everyone waited in suspense for the answer from the man at the top to come; it soon floated down, very faintly, "Hel-lo Camp Cur-ry." Again the man from below called "Let her go Ga-al-lagher," and then the silent crowd, which had risen to its feet by this time facing the great cliff, waited for the fire to fall when the man from above pushed the red-hot embers from his own bonfire over the edge of the precipice. The glowing red sparks, as they drift down the side of the cliff, look like a waterfall of fire. During this spectacle, a quartette sang some appropriate music and the climax of the enchanting evening performance was reached. There was dancing in the pavilion after this and the crowd scattered. Knickerbockers are commonly worn by the women in these camps, though often in the evening for dancing the girls wear their pretty summer dresses.

We stayed two weeks in this wonderful valley, having perfect weather except for one day of rain which was said to be unusual at this time of year.

We explored the valley very thoroughly and also climbed to the top of some of the cliffs. The automobile road to Glacier Point, where there is a fine hotel and a magnificent view, was still blocked with snow, and as we were very anxious to get up there, we decided to "foot it" over the steep four mile trail, that zigzags up the side of the cliff.

After a fairly early start one morning, it took us five hours to reach the top, stopping as we did for almost an hour at the half-way point to eat our sandwiches and rest. We had not been doing much climbing recently and so took it leisurely. As we approached the hotel, which is three thousand feet above the valley, the snow was lying on the ground, deeply drifted in places. The air was cool but exhilarating, and although I was very tired when we arrived, a cup of tea and a short nap soon restored me to my normal self.

We spent the night in the hotel, and met some interesting people after dinner as we sat around the big fireplace in the living room of the hotel. Most of the people had taken off their shoes which were wet through with melting snow, and were drying them in front of the fire as they recounted their various experiences.

At nine o'clock we all went out to the edge of the cliff to see the fire pushed off over Camp Curry. We leaned upon an iron railing that runs along the edge and looked down the sheer drop of over half a mile to the miniature houses below, watching the embers as they shot down the side of the rock. On our way back to the hotel a pretty deer ran across our path, halting an instant to gaze at us with curiosity.

It was a beautiful night, with the full moon making it almost as light as day. We were told we could see the bears come up to feed at the garbage dump by going around to the back of the hotel. There were several people ahead of us, some of whom had opened the gate to the high fence that made a sort of yard for the hotel, and ventured quite near the garbage cans on the other side of the fence. Distance lent enchantment to the scene for me, until an unknown gentleman who thought I was not getting a good enough view took me by the hand and actually led me up to within twenty feet of where Mr. Bruin was having his evening meal. I cannot say I enjoyed being on the same side of the fence with a bear, but of

course I would not have missed the experience for worlds.

One of the features of Glacier Point is the sunrise. Notwithstanding the earliness of the hour we decided not to miss it, and were called with other guests at a quarter to five the next morning. We were awake by the first rosy tints of dawn and watched the approach of the sunrise with breathless interest. The distant rocky peaks took on a pink and ruddy glow, and as the sun gradually crept above the horizon the scene was one of indescribable beauty. After the sun was well up, we snatched another nap before breakfast, and started down the trail soon afterwards to our camp in the valley.

We met many tourists toiling up the steep path, some of whom were very hot and perspiring and seemingly exerting themselves to the limit of their endurance. Questions such as "How far is it to the top?" "Are we half-way up?" or "Is it as steep as this all the way?" were very common. We encouraged them as best we could with tales of the marvelous views to be seen at the top. Arriving at Camp Curry, we found hot baths and a good sleep very refreshing.

The days grew much warmer, as June advanced, and were even hot toward noon, so that we had to seek the shade as much as possible. As the time was drawing near for our departure, we began to inquire about routes. Of the three automobile routes out of the valley, we found that two were still blocked with snow. We had hoped to go out by the Oak Flat Road, which leads most directly toward San Francisco. As this was impassable, we had no choice but to leave by the Wawona route, the one we had come in by. The route east over the Tioga Pass to Lake Tahoe is often blocked by snow until the middle of July.

Eleanor came up by train from Pasadena and joined us at this time, about the middle of June. As she had not seen the Mariposa Grove of big trees, we went there again as we left the Park. We camped one night near a small place called Miami, and arrived at Merced about eleven o'clock in the morning of the second day, having retraced our steps thus far.

The younger daughter, who was at college in the East, was to join us for her vacation, crossing the continent by train when the term was over. We

chose Berkeley as a meeting place, and drove directly there from Merced, covering the distance of one hundred and eighty-three miles in one day. There we found a tiny furnished apartment, near the University of California, which we rented by the week. We visited the University, driving all around the lovely campus, and were much impressed by its fine buildings, especially the large stadium, a gift of William Randolph Hearst.

One day we made a sightseeing tour of San Francisco in one of the large busses provided for the purpose, the guide as usual sitting up in front with his megaphone. One of his facetious remarks, as we started to go up a slight incline was, "All lean forward, please." Later we took one of the evening tours through Chinatown with a guide and a party of about twenty people. It gives one a gruesome feeling to see the old opium dens, which are now no more in use, but are open to the inspection of the public. We could not help the feeling that there might still be others that were not so easy of access in use even now.

During our stay in Berkeley we met several old friends who live there, and began to feel quite

like residents of that delightful city. We even attended a very pretty church wedding, though we had a grand scramble to make ourselves presentable, as our good clothes were wrinkled beyond description from being packed so long.

The days were cool in Berkeley and we had steam heat in our apartment. The day our daughter Caroline was to arrive the temperature was near fifty. We bundled up well when we drove to the station, and when Caroline stepped off the train in the thinnest of dresses with no coat we were somewhat surprised, to say the least. After covering her up with rugs in the car, we asked her where her coat was. She had packed it, she said, as she had not expected such a change of temperature. An hour before when her train was coming through the San Joaquin Valley the temperature had stood at 110 degrees! Our party was now complete for the return trip across the continent, and we were very happy to be united again.

CHAPTER VII

Crater Lake, Mount Rainier and Glacier Park

THE FIRST of July we said goodbye to our friends and started about noon on our trip through the Sacramento Valley to Crater Lake, Oregon. If anyone thinks the Sacramento Valley is not hot at this time of year, let him try driving through it as we did. The first night we slept beside the road without putting up a tent, about one hundred and thirty miles from Berkeley. The temperature must have remained nearly a hundred all night long (the surface of the macadam was hot to the touch in the morning when we awoke) and we tossed about on our mattresses trying to sleep. Many tourists drove at night on account of the heat and cars dashed by us continually, disturbing what little sleep we were able to get.

We arose at the first sign of dawn and hurried our breakfast in order to be finished before the sun showed itself above the horizon. Even the rays at that early hour were intensely hot as soon

as they struck us. All day we drove with the thermometer registering between one hundred and fifteen and one hundred and twenty degrees, and the hot blast of air that struck our faces as we drove along seemed almost smothering. The girls kept wet handkerchiefs over their faces part of the time, and we all applied cold-cream on our lips frequently to keep them from cracking. We drank quantities of water and made lemonade occasionally. At noon we stopped by a stream for luncheon and cooled our feet in the water.

As we finished our luncheon, another family, inspired by the same idea came down to the stream to eat their luncheon. They carried with them a huge watermelon that looked very tempting. To our joy they offered us a share of it, and I think nothing ever tasted so good. We became quite chummy after that, and they gave us an address of some friends of theirs in Tacoma whom they wanted us to look up. We referred to the father of the family as the "watermelon man" ever afterwards. Thus it is when one goes a-gypsying!

We camped in the public camp-grounds at Sisson the next night, having passed through Shasta

Crater Lake, Oregon

Springs earlier in the day, where there is a fine and expensive hotel for summer tourists. Mount Shasta, with its snowy peak, loomed up in the distance almost all day, and it took hours of driving before we passed it. We were climbing steadily now on well graded roads through very beautiful scenery, leaving the hot valley behind us.

At Ashland, Oregon, we had a refreshing swim in a plunge, and then drove on through Medford camping at the edge of the forest about twenty miles beyond, and slept well despite the distant barking of the coyotes. I have never spent three such hot days in my life as those in the Sacramento Valley, and although I can stand a lot of heat, I must say it was an experience I would not like to repeat.

The road to Crater Lake lies through the heart of the Oregon forests. There were almost no signs of human habitation as we drove hour after hour, seeing nothing but tall straight pine trees on both sides of us.

It was the fourth of July when we entered the Crater Lake National Park and had another bright

colored label placed on our windshield. By the time we reached the rim of the crater our elevation was eight thousand feet above sea level, and the air was cool and refreshing after our long spell of heat. The snow was lying in deep drifts all around, and the "snow mosquito," as it is called, was much in evidence.

Crater Lake lies in the hollow of an old crater of a volcano, five or six miles across. A good hotel stands on the rim, and the view from there, looking down upon the lake of brilliant blue a thousand feet below, is one of the most exquisite I have ever seen. We pitched our tent in a fine grove within a few feet of a big snow-drift, and decided to stay several days to enjoy to the full the beauty of the surroundings.

The road that runs around the rim of the crater was still blocked with snow and we had to content ourselves with a short climb above the hotel to one of the outlook points. A small island called the "Phantom Ship" is one of the objects of interest. It is no more than a massive rock, something the shape of a ship, rising out of the water near the edge of the lake, and from some

points of view it seems to disappear against the background of rocks of the same color, thus getting its name.

We ate our supper in the large dining room of the hotel that night, as the mosquitoes outside were very troublesome. Even watching the sunset after supper, as we stood outside the hotel, it was necessary to keep in motion. Some people even put netting over their heads to protect themselves.

Our tent being mosquito-proof, we were free from the pests while inside and had a very good night. Not so with the girls, however, who insisted on sleeping in the car as usual, instead of in the tent with us. They were protected by a netting, but it proved insufficient, and the lively insects came in upon them in swarms. At intervals, by readjusting the netting they snatched a few winks of sleep, but on the whole their night was anything but restful. Luckily they saw humor in the situation, and laughed heartily over their predicament. Breakfast in camp was out of the question that morning, and we fled, routed, to the protection of the hotel dining-room. We were told that after a few weeks there would be no more mosquitoes.

As I took pictures of the beautiful lake and surrounding mountains, how I wished I could reproduce the coloring in the photographs! The deep blue of the water, with reddish colored rocks rising above it covered in part with banks of pure white snow, made a marvelous picture for a painter.

We were somewhat ashamed of ourselves at being driven away from such an ideal camping place by mosquitoes, as it seemed cowardly, somehow. Nevertheless, retreat we did, and that, I hope, in good order. By eleven o'clock we were winding our way down the steep road on our return to Medford, where we encountered hot weather again, Medford being much lower in altitude than Crater Lake.

We had a refreshing swim in the plunge there and, after a good supper at a restaurant, drove on eighteen miles to Gold Hill, where we camped in a well kept camp-ground, in a pretty grove quite free from mosquitoes. Here we stayed for two days, lying around camp and resting as much as possible on account of the heat.

Looking Down Into a Crevasse, Paradise Glacier

Our route now took us northward through Roseburg and Eugene to Portland, Oregon. Except for some detours on account of construction, the roads were good, and in two days we covered the three hundred miles to Portland, where we put up our tent in the municipal camp-grounds.

On the night we arrived in Portland there were many hundred cars in camp, with licenses from almost every state in the Union. Although it seemed crowded, of course, and was not our ideal of camp life, still, if we wanted to camp at all, we were practically forced to choose that site, as promiscuous camping is not allowed near big cities.

These public camps are equipped with many conveniences for the tourist, and those near the big cities are patronized by hundreds, and even thousands of people during the summer months. Nothing like them is seen in the East, although the custom of providing camping places is everywhere becoming more and more popular. In the West nearly everything is provided, from small buildings equipped with gas stoves and sinks, to be used as kitchens, to attractive recreation buildings containing piano, writing-desks, etc. Open-

air laundries with stoves, wash-tubs, wash-boilers, and even flat-irons are also provided, so that one can launder his own clothes if he so desires.

A car with a New York license proved to be a great curiosity in this section of the country, and we were almost always greeted with much cordiality by our neighbors, who seemed to be so pleased that any one had taken the trouble to come way from New York to see them. We were often hailed by passing cars with, "Hello, New York!" a greeting that always gave us a pleasurable sense of pride for our home state.

Every one has heard of the Columbia River Highway, that beautiful boulevard which follows the Columbia River eastward from Portland for many miles. We spent one day driving fifty miles or more along this famous highway, making frequent stops to take pictures of the various waterfalls and other points of interest. Our view was more or less obscured by smoke from the forest fires then raging in some parts of Washington, and we had this same handicap later as we toured that state.

We lunched at a small inn located high up on a cliff where we had a sweeping view of the river, with its precipitous banks, rocky, and beautifully wooded. At the tip-top of one of the trees, as we gazed off into the distance, perched a large bald eagle, which took flight as we watched him. Before turning back to Portland we visited the fish-hatchery, and saw hundreds of beautiful trout swimming about in the tanks, a very tempting sight for a fisherman. There were rows and rows of long, narrow troughs containing millions of tiny salmon and trout, which in time would be distributed in the streams and lakes of the state.

About four o'clock we turned the car around and drove back to Portland, where we ate supper in a good restaurant, before returning to our tent. We found it unmolested, notwithstanding the hundreds of people camping in close proximity On the whole, during our trip, the public camps were orderly, and I only once remember a case of drunkenness, and that we only knew about by hearsay, as it happened the day before our arrival. In the morning a fine mist was falling, so we took advantage of the public kitchen and covered

tables, frying the bacon and eggs and boiling the coffee over the gas-burners there provided. The rain did not bother us much, and about noon we drove into town on a shopping expedition, taking in a moving-picture show before going back. Speaking of rain, I want to add that we had very little of it during the whole summer, a fact that made camping much more agreeable.

Portland is a beautiful city with many fine residences set back from the street in large grounds containing shade-trees of every variety. As it was July, the roses were at their height, and I never saw so many in one place before—long hedges of roses, and trellises running up the sides of houses one mass of bloom. It is called the City of Roses, and we had another paster added to our windshield, with the picture of a red rose in full bloom upon it. This indicated that we were registered campers of that city.

We called on a college classmate of my husband during our sojourn there, a man who is extremely fond of adventure and who entertained us with tales of his mountain climbing which made our little feats pale by comparison. He and a

number of others often walk over the slopes of Mount Rainier on snow-shoes in the winter time, sometimes penetrating to the hotel in Paradise Valley, which is practically buried in snow at that time of year.

After three days in Portland, we packed up our belongings and started northward to Tacoma and Seattle. Owing to road construction and the bridge being closed, we were obliged to take the left bank of the Columbia River as far as Gobel's Ferry, where we drove our car onto a very diminutive ferryboat. There was not room for more than two or three cars at a time, and as the railings did not seem any too secure, I was none too sure that our car would stay on the ferry long enough to reach the other side.

Despite my pessimistic outlook, we were soon safely landed and speeding toward Tacoma. All day, as we drove along, the atmosphere became more and more smoky, and we kept hearing reports of the fires that were raging in some sections of the state.

We took supper that night at a restaurant in Olympia, the capital of Washington, and then

drove on until dark, when we camped under a tree by the roadside. In the morning the girls went to a farmhouse for fresh milk for breakfast, and had a chat with the farmer's wife, who wanted to know all about our trip.

We often wondered as we drove through these lonely stretches of country with only a house now and then, what the lives of these people were like, and whether the women were not very lonely. Whenever we could, we tried to get acquainted with them, and often found farmers who had never been over fifty miles from home in their lives. They always expressed interest in the great distance we had traveled and seemed to feel flattered that we had picked out their particular part of the country for our tour.

The weather continued hot, and when we reached Tacoma we made straight for a public bath-house, where we left some of the grime and dirt we had collected on our travels, and were greatly refreshed. As Mount Rainier is southeast of Tacoma, our route branched off at this point toward the mountain, making a letter V with the road we had traveled the day before.

We drove to Longmire Springs, which is on the edge of Mount Rainier National Park just within its boundary, arriving toward nightfall. The altitude was much higher than Tacoma, and the air was cool and delicious. The camp is located in a beautiful grove through which rushes the Nisqually River, whose icy waters are released at the base of glaciers on Mount Rainier.

It was here that we had our first glimpse of that wonderful mountain, and we gazed spellbound as we stood on the bridge which spans the stream, where there is an unobstructed view. It is an awe-inspiring sight, that noble mass of rocks rising to an elevation of fourteen thousand feet, covered with ice and snow more than half way down its sides. This is a mountain of many glaciers, which extend down through its valleys like the outstretched tentacles of an octopus. The sunset glow that night added to its beauty, making a rosy tint to the whole mountain, and from that moment grew our desire to go closer to this giant and make his more intimate acquaintance.

There was much to see at Longmire's, as the ground around there is of volcanic nature, and sounds hollow in places as one walks over it. There are many springs of soda-water bubbling up here and there, and one may have all the soft drinks he wishes without the assistance of a drug-store clerk.

The road between Longmire's and Paradise Valley is narrow, winding and steep, requiring careful driving, especially through the "Control" where the up cars and the down cars are regulated so as not to pass each other. Paradise Valley lies on the lower slopes of Mount Rainier, where has been built a fine inn for the accommodation of mountain-climbers and others who are merely lovers of beauty. This inn lies near the timber line at an altitude of slightly over five thousand feet.

We arose early one morning in order to make the eight o'clock "Control," leaving our tent and other camping outfit behind us, as we intended to return that night to camp at Longmire's. Our car made the steep climb of twelve miles without mishap. As we rose higher, the air became cooler and we

passed an occasional patch of snow. At the last turn in the road, just before we reached the inn, the whole vast bulk of Mount Rainier burst into view; in fact, we felt that we could almost reach out our hands and touch it. We began to be really excited, and leaving our car we climbed the nearest ridge to get a look down at the Nisqually Glacier.

The grass was velvety under out feet, growing a bright green at the edge of the melting snow. This was not so wonderful, however, as the flowers —great masses of delicate bloom of the greatest variety of color, growing cheerfully right by the side of the snow and ice. The ground was literally carpeted with flowers, and a special variety, called avalanche lily, was as white as the snow itself.

After dinner at the inn, we planned a "hike" with a guide over the Stevens and Paradise Glaciers, as this trip was not as long or as strenuous as a climb to the summit of the mountain, which we thought too much of an undertaking for our party.

We were told to prepare for a long and difficult climb, nevertheless, and were furnished with the proper clothing for this kind of trip by the management. To add excitement to our anticipation, we were given to understand that on parts of the glaciers, where the slope was long and smooth, we were to slide down on the seats of our trousers.

In preparation for this we were given complete outfits, from khaki trousers and flannel shirts to woolen socks and hob-nailed knee-boots. The trousers were reinforced in the seat with canvas which had been soaked in parafine to make it impervious to water, their technical name being "tin pants."

As a final preparation our faces were painted with a kind of white grease to prevent sunburn, as the rays of the sun are very powerful on those glaring white fields of ice and snow, and sometimes cause serious trouble. We all wore amber-colored goggles on this account, and a pretty sight we presented as we gathered, ten of us in all, at the doorway of the inn to have our pictures taken by an official photographer. Each one of us was armed with an Alpine stock, and the guide, a

Sliding Down Slope on Mount Rainier

pleasant young fellow from the University of Washington, carried a rope and axe for use in the dangerous places.

We began climbing about two o'clock, our progress being too slow at first to suit the younger members of the party. The guides know better than to start off rapidly, understanding very well that the ordinary tourist will not last out the trip if there is the least haste at the beginning. For an hour or so we trod over soft turf and beds of delicate flowers, steadily climbing until we reached the snow fields. The guide very kindly carried my camera, and at frequent intervals took snapshots of us as we came to the more precarious parts of the climb.

Soon there was nothing but ice and snow to be seen, and the guide roped us together, cautioning us to keep in single file. The surface of the snow was wet, owing to the powerful rays of the sun, and the guide kept plunging his Alpine stock into the snow ahead of him, taking soundings, so to speak, to discover the location of crevasses.

At last he led us up along a jagged edge of ice and snow and told us to look down. There, at

our very feet, was a huge split in the ice, with a sheer drop of many hundred feet. The deep blue coloring of the crevasse was exquisite and we stood there for several minutes gazing down into this deep abyss, feeling very thankful for the rope that joined us to our neighbors.

On our descent we came to a steep slope covered with soft snow, stretching out about a thousand feet below us, and here the guide informed us we were to have our first slide. After discarding the rope we all sat down on the snow in single file, each holding the ankles of the one behind, looking as if we were sitting on a toboggan. The guide took all ten of our Alpine stocks and stayed behind to enjoy the spectacle.

With a whoop we were off, going like the wind, down and down the steep slope until we brought up in the soft snow on a small plateau below, none the worse for wear. Immediately the guide came striding down after us carrying our sticks and digging his heels into the snow to keep from slipping.

We soon came to another innocent-looking slope covered with soft snow, but longer and

steeper than the first. Again we gave up our Alpine stocks and were informed we were to slide down this slope one person at a time. I looked about for some way to escape, as I did not crave fame as a tobogganist of this sort. There was no way of getting out of it, however, so I meekly obeyed the guide's commands. "Sit down and lean far back, keeping the feet up," were his orders.

The man at the head of the line did this with great ease, apparently, and went shooting down the mountain-side for about a sixth of a mile to the soft drifts below, without changing his sitting position. As luck would have it I came second, and began to feel quite courageous as the man before me had been so successful. I sat down and thought I leaned far back, but my feet would not go up, and I began to slide. As momentum was gained my body began to turn at an angle, and before long I was rolling over and over like a log. I shot past the man at the bottom, and called to him to stop me, as I thought I might be heading for a crevasse. He did his best and I soon came to a halt in the soft snow. The breath was almost

knocked out of me, and my fingers were numb with the cold, as I was without gloves and had clutched wildly at the snow in my flight.

The rest of the party now began to descend, some of them twisting even more than I had done, coming down head first. The younger members keenly enjoyed it and wanted more. We were told we would soon learn how to do it, if we tried often enough! As if this were not enough, we came to another slope, this time not so long, but in one place almost a precipitous drop. I balked for several minutes, trying to persuade the guide to let me climb down in some way with the aid of my Alpine stock. There was no way of escaping it, however, and eventually I took my turn and shot down with the rest of them.

Notwithstanding its unpleasant features for me, the exhilaration was great and we were none of us harmed in the least by our experience. In fact, afterwards, I felt quite proud that I could accomplish such a stunt.

We passed over both Stevens and Paradise Glaciers that afternoon, climbing about fifteen hundred feet above the inn, where there was a

magnificent view of the peaks around us. The air was so bracing that we scarcely felt our fatigue, although we were climbing for four hours, with no chance to rest during all that time. We envied the people who had the endurance to climb to the top of that wonderful peak. The ascent, which is usually made from Paradise Inn, involves an overnight stop at Camp Muir at an elevation of ten thousand feet. From there on to the summit the climb taxes the powers of the strongest.

A light supper at the inn was all we had time for that night as we had to get back to Longmire Springs, and the last "Control" was at seven o'clock. The drive down the winding mountain road, as the last rays of the setting sun were glorifying the rugged crags, was an experience never to be forgotten. Our tent and comfortable beds looked very welcome to us on our return and we were soon sleeping soundly.

After this we took a day or two to enjoy the quiet of camp life in such ideal surroundings. The saucy jays of the gray variety became almost a nuisance in this place, and boldly snatched food from the table under our very noses. They have

earned the name of "Camp Robbers." One evening we joined a group of campers gathered around a huge bonfire and listened to a fine talk on the natural history of the Park given by one of the rangers. We found these rangers to be exceedingly alert, courteous young men. It was one of their many duties to give an occasional lecture, or lead a group of tourists on a nature-study trip, pointing out the wonders of the region.

Upon leaving Mount Rainier Park, we retraced our steps to Tacoma, where we joined again the main north and south highway to Seattle. The camp-grounds at Seattle we found crowded and dusty, but despite these discomforts, as soon as our tent was pitched and we had retired within it, everything seemed orderly and pleasant. As the floor of our tent was a large piece of waterproof canvas, sewed to the walls, it was impervious to the dust and dirt without.

One of the sights of Seattle is the beautiful campus of the University of Washington, and we spent an hour or two driving about and making its acquaintance. Owing to the hazy atmosphere due to the forest fires, we were not able to see

Mount Rainier from this point, although in clear weather it is in plain view from the campus, the view being one of its great assets.

We were fortunate in witnessing a parade which passed through the main streets of the town one afternoon, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first gold brought down from the Yukon. Old men, the real "old timers," headed the procession with their shovels slung over their shoulders and packs on their backs, just as they looked when they made their first rush for the gold-fields. Gaily decorated floats drawn by horses carried the children who had been born in Alaska where these Yukon veterans had dug for gold, many of them having amassed large fortunes.

As our plan was to see as many National Parks as possible on our trip, we gave scant time to the large cities. I had pictured the state of Washington as covered with dense forests, and it was quite surprising to learn that a large part of eastern Washington is nothing but hot and arid desert, though in places under irrigation it yields fine crops of such products as apples, wheat, etc. Through this desert country is a long valley, or

"coulee," probably the ancient bed of the Columbia River. A number of lakes without outlet are scattered through this coulee, some of their waters having curious chemical properties.

On the borders of one of these lakes, some two hundred miles east of Seattle, we pitched our tent one night, and as the weather had been hot all day, varying from 105 to 110 degrees, we decided to refresh ourselves with a swim. After plunging into the water, what was our astonishment to find that it made a soapy lather upon rubbing our hands together. The taste, too, was abominable, and we had to keep our mouths shut to avoid swallowing any. It stung the eyes if we splashed any into them, and if we had not seen other people near us enjoying their swim we might have doubted the safety of bathing in such water. Its cleansing effect was marvelous, and we never felt so clean in all our lives as when we dressed for supper that night.

Upon inquiry we found the name of the place was Soap Lake, and that the hotel on its borders was something of a sanitarium, where invalids from all over the state come to drink the unpleas-

Teepees on Flathead Indian Reservation

ant-tasting water and bathe in it. That night a fierce wind came up the valley and almost blew our tent down, so that none of us slept very well. We found later that it was a regular event after the sun went down for the wind to rise to a great velocity and blow all night, owing to contrast between the cool waters of the lake and the hot sands of the desert.

A single night at this dreary place was enough for us, and after a fairly early start we were speeding along toward Spokane. The roads were surfaced with gravel and very good, but the country continued hot and dry, with occasional rolling hills covered with mesquite to vary the monotony of the desert. We thought of the people who had advised us to take fur coats if we came home by this northern route. We wished they could feel the hot blasts that struck our faces as we drove along, with the thermometer registering 115 degrees in the shade, and what shade there was, was made by the telegraph poles!

Spokane is in a curious location for a large city, situated so near those vast desert stretches. A rushing torrent runs through the center of the

town, with some beautiful waterfalls very near the business center. The public camp-grounds looked so dry and dusty that, for a change, we took rooms at a hotel, where for two nights we made our head-quarters. A friend of ours living in Spokane very kindly gave up a whole afternoon to us, driving to all points of interest in and about the city in his own car. We were greatly impressed that so fine a city could exist in the midst of such an arid region.

The country east of Spokane began to take on a different appearance. The roads were fair but became more and more hilly as we approached the foothills of the Rockies. Our route took us across the northern part of Idaho, which is only a narrow strip of land fifty miles wide. After we crossed the Montana border we continued, not far from the Canadian line, to Glacier National Park, and now the roads were poor in character, very steep and winding and stony. At times we could look down two thousand feet into the valley below, with only a few inches between us and the edge. In such places as these it took very careful driving.

We met few cars here and traveled many miles without a house or sign of habitation, which gave us the feeling of being in the wilderness indeed. The country was wild and rugged and covered with forests. Beautiful lakes nestled down between the hills, adding much to the picturesqueness of the scene. We often camped beside one of these and took a swim in the clear water. The coyotes howled at night, and once we thought they were near our tent, but upon investigation they turned out to be cows!

At Kalispell, Montana, only forty miles from Glacier Park, our car was laid up for repairs for a few hours as we had broken one of the springs, the result of the poor roads. After a night spent here we drove on to Belton, which is at the entrance of Glacier Park. Here the authorities pasted another colored disc on our windshield, red this time, with a picture of a mountain-goat in the center of it. Our collection now consisted of green, blue, purple, and red discs, with pictures of mountain-lion, bear, reindeer and mountain-goat, respectively, on them. Later we acquired a yellow label with a buffalo in the center for

Yellowstone Park, altogether making such a gay appearance that we attracted attention wherever we went.

At Belton we found much welcome mail which had been collecting for us for several days. One of the drawbacks of such a tour as ours is the lack of communication with one's friends. By careful planning we were able to give an occasional mail address, where we often found a weeks' mail accumulated. Telegraphic addresses were easier to give, and I managed to keep in fairly constant communication with my mother, who was living in the east.

Glacier National Park comprises more than fourteen hundred square miles of some of the finest scenery in America. It takes its name from the many small glaciers which slowly move down the valleys between the rugged peaks of the Continental Divide. These mountains form a central backbone for the National Park from the north to the south, making transportation from the western slopes to the eastern side very difficult. There are no roads across, but only foot-trails for those who wish to hike, or ride on muleback.

We gave up visiting the eastern slope on account of lack of time for driving the car the many miles around the lower end of the Park. If it had not been for the railroad strike then in progress we might have shipped our car around by train, but we decided that plan was not feasible, consequently we contented ourselves with seeing as much of the western section of the Park as possible.

We found the choicest camping spot of our whole trip on the borders of Lake MacDonald, two miles from the village of Apgar which lies at the foot of the lake. Although it was designated as a public camp site it was deserted that first night, and of the few people who came later we made some very good friends. Our tent was pitched in a dense forest near enough to the lake to have plenty of water, which is a luxury in camp life not to be underestimated.

Next day there arrived two parties of young fellows, one a few years out of college, the other back from army service in Hawaii, who had been touring the country in Ford cars. They made themselves very agreeable, and as they were the only other campers there besides a nice family

from Butte, Montana, we all joined forces and had a beefsteak supper together on the beach, and sang and told stories, vieing with each other as to who could tell the biggest yarn.

A small steamer plied the lake from Apgar to Glacier Hotel at the opposite end from our camp. One day we all took this trip, hoping to get some mountain climbing after we reached the hotel. Lake MacDonald is like a gem set in the midst of the mountains, and the views of the upper end of the lake are the despair of artists. Glacier Hotel is at the extreme eastern end of the lake, and beyond this point if one wishes to see the glaciers one must either climb, or go on horseback or muleback.

The Sperry Glacier is high up on the divide between the mountains of the Park, some seven thousand feet above the hotel. It lies close by Gunsight Pass, so called on account of two sharp rocks that look like a gun-sight, through which runs a trail connecting the east and west sides of the Park. This is one of the favorite climbs in the region. Much as I wanted to take it I knew it was too much for me to undertake, so our party

divided, and Fred and one of the young men who had been camping near us, were the only ones to climb to the glacier.

It took them about eight hours to make this strenuous trip. Just before reaching the glacier there is a steep, rocky precipice, which has to be scaled by a ladder that is fastened into the rock. They say that if you look down when ascending this ladder it may be fatal if you are at all inclined to dizziness. I was just as glad when I knew about it that I had remained behind.

The rest of us made our headquarters at the hotel, taking a shorter climb in the afternoon to some very beautiful waterfalls. The big Glacier Hotel is an attraction in itself, with its immense living room filled with all sorts of Indian curios, heads of buffalo, elk and deer, fur rugs and Hudson Bay blankets. Many of these articles were for sale, and we could not resist the purchase of a beautiful pair of these blankets which have a white background and are striped green, yellow, red and black.

Of course everyone wears a hiking-suit in this part of the world, and the comfort of being dressed

as we were in knickerbockers without feeling ourselves objects of curiosity, but rather as forming a proper part of the scene, was indescribable.

We decided to go back by the evening boat to our camp even if the two men making the ascent to the Sperry Glacier did not return in time to catch it. A few minutes before the boat whistled for starting, they appeared, a very hot and exhausted pair. It seems that they had kept moving all the time with scarcely a rest, in order to get back for the last boat, and even at that they had to hurry the last part of the trip, as it took longer than they expected. However, they voted it well worth their strenuous effort and were most enthusiastic over it.

Whistling marmots and beautiful white mountain-goats abound in this region. Why the goats do not break their slender legs jumping from rock to rock, as they do, is a great mystery to me.

It was dark when we returned to camp, and that evening as we all sat around our large beach-fire by the peaceful little lake, we felt awed by the picturesque beauty of the scene. There were many deer in the woods all about us, but they were

Ready to Explore a Copper Mine

so shy that we caught only an occasional glimpse of them. I suppose there were bear, too, but they never showed themselves. Our stay was all too short in this marvelous spot, but as the summer was rapidly slipping away and as we had many miles to go before reaching New York state, we packed up our belongings one morning near the end of July and started on the road again.

We had to retrace our steps to Kalispell where we were delayed several hours with car trouble, making a late start so that we drove only a few miles and camped for the night on the borders of Flathead Lake. This is the largest fresh-water lake west of the Great Lakes and is near the Indian reservation of that name.

We were joined by the two college boys, with whom we had camped on Lake MacDonald, quite unexpectedly that night, as they too had been delayed. When forty miles from the Park they discovered that their revolver had been left behind with the guard at the entrance, so they drove back to get it, thus causing much delay.

Firearms are not permitted in the National Parks, and on this account, if for no other reason,

we found it more convenient not to carry any. Their Ford car was amusingly decorated, attracting much more attention than did our car. The names of the states they had passed through were painted in white letters on its sides, and the touching name of "Sunkist Susie" appeared in large characters on the back of the car. As "Sunkist Susie's" route was to be very much the same as ours, we found ourselves traveling together and camping by appointment in the same campgrounds. These friendly meetings kept up for two weeks or more and made a very pleasant incident in our trip, as we were congenial and enjoyed the same kind of things.

It was cherry season now and the luscious fruit, hanging from the branches of the trees, was certainly very tempting, especially as the weather continued hot. No eastern cherry grows to the size of this western fruit, especially of the dark red variety called the "bing," juicy and almost as large as a plum. Often we stopped the car and bought from a rancher, paying a ridiculously low price.

We now drove through the Flathead Indian reservation with its sharp-pointed teepees contrasting with the dome-shaped dwellings of the Apache Indians in Arizona. The country was mountainous, but the roads were good so we made fair time. The sides of the mountains were often barren of vegetation, rising to a considerable height topped by a level plateau, forming what is called a butte.

The great railroad strike was on at the time, and there were rumors that the supply of gasoline might be cut off at any moment. On this account we purchased extra gasoline which we carried in a large can on our running-board, thus adding weight to the already heavily laden car. It stood the extra strain well, however, although we never needed the extra supply thus provided.

Unfortunately, we missed seeing the large herd of buffalo in a park just west of Missoula where we took supper one night. Although we knew the park was there, we overshot the mark, and drove down a long, steep hill before realizing our mistake. Retracing our steps was not part of our program just then, as we continually felt the need of getting on toward home by the first week in September.

Our next stop of interest was at Anaconda, Montana, which lies among the barren hills at an elevation of fifty-three hundred feet. Here is located the largest copper-smelter in the world, which gets its ore from the mines at Butte, a distance of only twenty-six miles. We approached the city at sunset, and the scene it presented, with the rosy tints on the mountain-sides, and the tall chimney, (the second highest in the world) seen looming up at a great distance, was very impressive.

We camped on the outskirts of the town, planning to visit the smelter the next day. At ten o'clock in the morning we went up to the office, where we registered and were assigned a guide to take us through the plant. The buildings lie tier above tier up the side of the hill. Copper is drawn to the top on small cars, and there begins the process of crushing the ore. Following this, step by step down the hillside, the ore passes through various crushers until finally at the bottom it is melted in great furnaces and runs out pure molten copper. We were given samples of ore at the various stages of the process, and came away at the end of the morning feeling highly instructed.

The actual mining of the copper was the only part of the process we had not seen, and we determined to visit one of the mines at Butte, if it were possible to get a permit.

Driving on to Butte the next day we found on the outskirts of the city, even though it was barren of trees, a good camp-ground. It was through the friends living in Butte, whom we met in Glacier Park, that we were able to obtain the desired permit to visit one of the large copper-mines. By appointment we drove to the office of the mine early in the afternoon and found several other people already there, waiting for the one o'clock tour of inspection.

The shaft of the mine reaches almost half a mile below the surface of the earth, and we were told that the lift (or elevator as I called it, much to the amusement of the guide) shot down at a very rapid rate. I confess my courage was at a low ebb when I thought of going down into such a deep hole, and all during the time the rest of the party were donning the overalls and helmets provided for protection, I hesitated about joining them.

At last curiosity overcame my fears, and I too, put on a helmet, took a candle and stepped into the cage with the others. We were packed in like sardines, standing as closely together as possible. The wind whistled through the bars of the cage and we were swayed back and forth in our swift descent. In what seemed to be but a few seconds we had dropped that half mile, and the cage stopped so quickly, although without any jar, that it gave the effect of rising again.

When we stepped out the air was surprisingly warm and oppressive. I had expected it to be rather cool so far below the surface. The long, narrow tunnels radiating in various directions were lighted with electric lights strung at infrequent intervals overhead, and we were glad of the additional light from our flickering candles. It was a marvel to me how the miners could spend the whole day working in those dark tunnels, thinking nothing of it. We watched the ore being carted out on little tram-cars and dumped into elevators which raised it to the surface. After two hours spent in exploring the various tunnels we were again packed into the cage, and shot up to the

surface. A grimy, hot and perspiring bunch of people we were, and of course cameras were brought into play as we joked about our appearance.

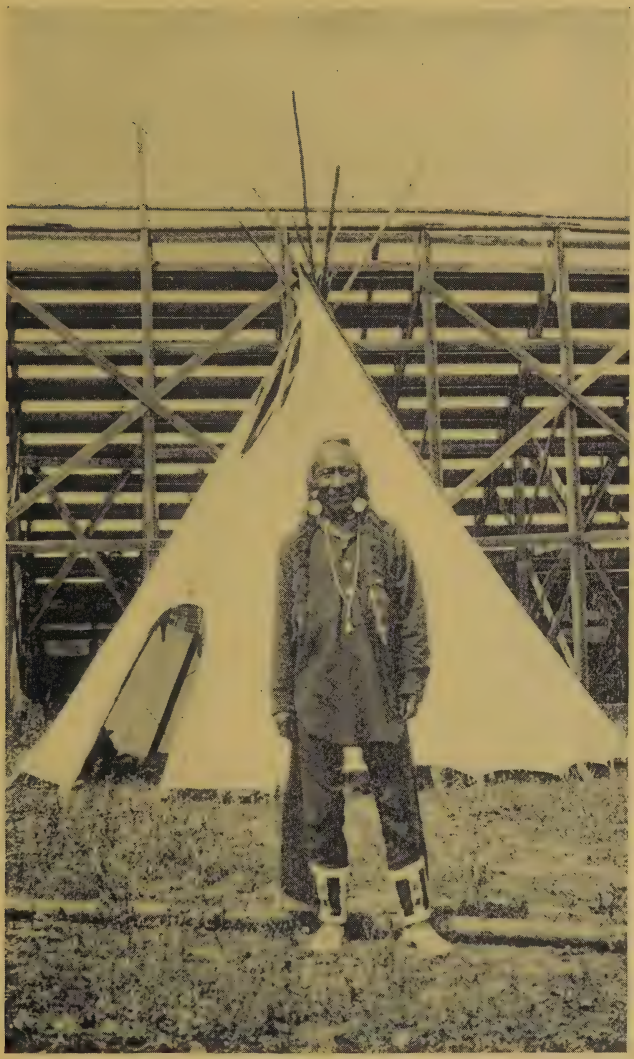
From Butte our route lay through Three Forks to Bozeman, Montana, where there was to be a great "Round Up" much talked of and advertised all along the way. We had been very fortunate about rain ever since leaving Berkeley. For a month we had hardly a drop, so when it began to rain as we approached Bozeman, we could not complain. However, we decided not to camp that night on account of the weather, and, as the hotels were full owing to the crowds that had come for miles around to witness the "Round Up," we engaged some pleasant rooms in a private house recommended to us by the hotel manager.

A "Round Up" is what used to be called a Wild West Show, which latter name seems to me more appropriate, especially the "wild" part. The best cow-punchers and cow-girls in the world take part in these shows, attracted by the large prizes offered for the winners of various contests after three days of competition.

We were told that one of the Ringling Brothers managed this one. There is a large collection of wild horses, steers and even wild cows, these last never having been milked by human hand. A prize is given to the one who can fill a pint bottle with milk first, and excitement runs high as the task is attempted. Often the cows are thrown in the tussle and sometimes half strangled with a rope before they can be milked.

The show began with a street parade in the morning, where the beautiful horses were exhibited to their best advantage. It was a gay sight, with some two hundred cow-girls and boys and many Indians from the Flathead reservation mounted on prancing horses and decked out in the finest regalia. We drew our car to the side of the road and enjoyed the spectacle, taking many snap-shots of the unique sight.

Before one o'clock that afternoon we entered the grounds where the "Round Up" was to be held, having purchased tickets at the gate. The Indians, who had come from the reservation to be in the show, had put up their teepees on the outskirts of the arena, looking very picturesque as we ap-



Flathead Indian Who Took a Picture of Author

proached the grandstand. This seemed an appropriate time and place to get some good Indian pictures, so I opened my camera and approached one of the teepees. Two Indian women appeared at the opening and I succeeded in getting an excellent picture of them with smiles on their faces, showing that they rather liked it.

As I turned around and began to put up my camera, what was my surprise to see an old Indian chief with a severe expression come out of another teepee, and stride rapidly toward me. When within arm's length, he reached out and took my camera and I thought he was going to break it. "Me takee your picture," he said. It wouldn't do to let him know I was scared, so I put on a bold front and smilingly acquiesced.

He did not know the first thing about taking a picture, and held the camera upside down trying to aim it at me. I had to show him how to hold it and how to snap the shutter, then stood off and told him to go ahead. He pressed the bulb, and later, when the picture was developed, it was a first-rate likeness. Then I said to him, "It is only fair to let me take your picture now." So he

handed back the camera and actually smiled when I took what proved to be a very good picture of the old fellow.

After that we made our way up into the grandstand, where we remained for four hours, experiencing more thrills to the minute than I ever expect to again. I was quite exhausted by the end of the afternoon from sheer excitement. There were exhibitions of wonderful riding, relay races, broncho busting, and steer "bull dogging." This last term is applied to a contest in which a man jumps from a running horse to the neck of a running steer, grabs its horns, then twists its neck until the steer is thrown to its side. This must be done in less than three minutes to qualify for the event. The best man we saw threw his steer in just twenty-one seconds. Sometimes the steers are killed in this way, when their necks are twisted to the strangling point. We saw no one killed that day, though an occasional fatality is expected. Two men were badly hurt; one was thrown from his bucking steer and we could almost hear his collar-bone and shoulder crack. We thought he was dead for a few minutes, but they

revived him, and later he appeared in the arena again, though not taking part. The whole thing seemed like a brutal performance, and I would not like to see another "Round Up" for a long time to come.

That night we went into one of the restaurants for supper and, by chance, sat down at the same table with some of the star performers of the afternoon. The woman who sat beside me was the woman who had ridden around the ring on two horses, standing with one foot on each as the horses ran at breakneck speed. She had changed her costume and was modestly dressed,—a very attractive woman whom I never would have guessed could perform such daring feats.

CHAPTER VIII

Yellowstone Park

SO MUCH has been written about Yellowstone Park, which is, perhaps, the most frequented by tourists of all the National Parks, that it seems almost superfluous to add my words to the already well-presented subject. My only excuse is that no two people can have the same set of experiences when traveling about, and it is the things that happened to our party which chiefly form the subject matter of this account.

To proceed, then, with my narrative:—the day after the Round Up at Bozeman we packed our belongings and left the house early in the morning, although the weather was threatening and we knew the roads were none too good between that town and the Gardiner entrance to the Yellowstone.

We picked up our friends of the "Sunkist Susie" on the outskirts of the town, as they had camped that night in the municipal camp-grounds. That day we kept our cars in sight of one another most

Dish-Washing in Camp, Yellowstone Park

of the time. Before long the rain began to fall, and as the roads were of soft clay they soon became very slippery and we had to put on our chains to avoid a serious accident. Even then it was difficult driving on those steep, narrow, winding roads, and we made very poor time, the car just crawling along on low or second gear for hours at a stretch. In places we had to stop and wait for a passing car or truck to extricate itself from the mud, and considered ourselves fortunate that we were not ditched ourselves.

All the National Parks we visited had poor, if not dangerous, roads leading into them, and the one approaching the north entrance to the Yellowstone through Gardiner was no exception, proving especially bad on account of the rain. Considering the thousands of people visiting them every season it seemed strange to us that these conditions are not improved. The roads in the Parks themselves are, for the most part, well graded and smooth.

It was getting late in the afternoon, and we were straining every nerve to get into camp at Mammoth Springs before dark, when our engine went dead. Fred jumped out to investigate, and

the rest of us, of course, offered plenty of free advice, but the old thing would not start. We began to think that we would have to pitch our tent for the night right there and then, when, as luck would have it, two men, who proved to be expert mechanics, drove up in a truck and offered their services. Soon the trouble was located, and we were thankful that the men allowed us to pay them for assisting us on our way, as they had really worked hard.

Meanwhile the "Sunkist Susie" boys had not been seen by us for several hours; in fact, they disappeared for two days, and we were quite concerned for their safety until a motorist told us that he had seen the occupants of the fantastically labeled car camping a few miles behind the scene of our breakdown. It turned out that the boys had broken an essential part in their engine, and had to wait for a new part to be sent to them. It was after dark when we pitched our tent in the camp-grounds that night, and we could see nothing of the surrounding country.

The next morning the sky was clear and the sun came out bright after the rain of the day before.

We made a tour of inspection, visiting the Mammoth Hot Springs that have formed extensive terraces by the constant deposit of lime. The coloring is particularly gorgeous, for the water lies in pools of dazzling blue against a background of snowy white and brilliant orange. A microscopic plant flourishes in the boiling springs, lending to the water that magical sapphire tint. Our tour of inspection ended with a swim in an out-of-door plunge supplied with the natural warm water from the springs.

The Yellowstone is properly named, as the rocks have a yellowish hue, which is entirely different from other parts of the country we saw. By this time our automobile had five bright-colored National Park labels on its windshield, besides one or two other labels acquired on our trip. It obscured some of our view, to be sure, but we were too proud of the achievement it represented to dispense with any of them.

By chance on our first day in the Park the Superintendent of the Yosemite National Park was visiting the Superintendent of the Yellowstone, and spied our car standing in front of the post-

office nearby. They immediately came to us and expressed their interest in the car and apparently in our travel-stained selves.

The result of our conversation was that the Yellowstone Superintendent produced an official photographer, and various pictures of the car were taken—one with the two girls perched up on the engine to show off their costumes and high-laced boots to full advantage, and another with Caroline pointing to her favorite label, which, of course, was the Yellowstone in this case, much to the chagrin of the Yosemite Superintendent. The pictures were taken for publication in some newspaper, but whether they ever appeared or not we never knew.

Yellowstone Park is located in northwestern Wyoming, encroaching slightly upon Montana and Idaho. It is the largest National Park in the country, and is about 62 miles long and 54 miles wide. The central part is a volcanic plateau, the average elevation of which is 8,000 feet above sea level. This is surrounded on all sides by mountain ranges, some of the peaks rising to the height of 11,000 feet.

Feeding Bears on the Road, Yellowstone Park

The whole region is of volcanic origin, and many geysers gush forth from its surface. Some of these geysers, Old Faithful, for example, spout at almost regular intervals to a great height, while others burst forth with much force quite irregularly.

The automobile road which goes through the Park is somewhat the shape of a figure eight, and takes in most of the points of interest. There are some five or six good hotels located along this route, and near each hotel is a so-called permanent camp, consisting of tents erected on wooden platforms clustered about a central dining and recreation hall. There is almost always a swimming pool and a tennis court connected with these camps.

For the tourist camping as we did with our own tent and outfit, there are allotted places reserved, also near the hotels, but sufficiently remote to insure a certain amount of privacy—when I speak of privacy, however, I forget the bears. They are very numerous in the Yellowstone, from big grizzlies to the brown, cinnamon and black varieties. These bears are not sticklers for etiquette, and, as they are allowed to roam all over the Park unmolested, they become almost too familiar for

the camper. Woe betide him who leaves bacon, meat, or any kind of food within reach of Mr. Bruin, for at night, especially, he prowls through the camps seeking what he may devour. If you have nothing with which to tempt him he passes you by.

My family had a good joke on me one night when I carefully stowed the bacon away in the automobile underneath the seats where my two daughters were peacefully sleeping, thinking the bears could never get at it there. Luckily, nothing happened, but the next day we were told of an escapade of one of the bears the night before that rather startled us. A young bride and groom in one of the camps had left some bacon in a new Ford car, but fortunately were not in the car themselves. Along came a bear, climbed up over the back of the car and completely demolished the top in his efforts to reach the prized bit of food. After that we tied the food boxes high up in slender saplings, as we were told this was the best way of outwitting these unwelcome guests. The small trees they could not climb, so the food thus deposited was safe.

The Park abounds in elk, antelope, deer and moose, but we found to our disappointment that these interesting animals keep themselves well out of sight upon the wooded slopes of the mountains, and are too shy to show themselves often to the casual tourist. One must take a guide and tramp off into the wilds to have a look at these fellows.

By good luck one day, we saw a young elk gazing at us from the border of the woods as we were driving by. We stopped the car and I jumped out with a camera. Stealing quietly and slowly toward the pretty animal, who stood stock-still looking at us with apparent curiosity, I took a snapshot of him at a distance of no more than twenty feet. Although the shadows of the trees prevented the picture from being fully exposed, I was pleased to get even a fair one. To me it seemed quite an achievement, as we were told the elk is an exceedingly shy animal and a difficult one to approach.

Near Mammoth Hot Springs, where we camped that first night, is a small herd of buffalo, kept for the entertainment of the tourist. We took this side trip of a mile to see these monsters, and were

contented for a while to watch them through the high wire netting of the enclosure.

By chance an ex-Governor of New York State and his wife came to visit the corral at the same time. The guards, wishing to give him a few more thrills than us ordinary mortals, asked him to mount one of their horses and ride into the corral where the photographer wished to take his picture. The guard announced casually that it was not very safe for anyone on foot to be inside the enclosure, as the buffalo were liable to charge in a body. Whether the poor photographer felt uneasy after this, I do not know. Anyway, he followed the mounted horseman inside and assisted the guard in rounding up the twenty or thirty buffalo to form a picturesque background for the ex-Governor. Now was my chance to get a picture, too. The wire netting obscured the view from without; I plucked up courage and sidled into the arena. The buffalo remained quiet, however, and the pictures were taken with nothing to disturb our serenity.

Our next camping place was near Old Faithful geyser, in a wood, set aside for camping tourists.

The bears were frequent visitors at this camp, and for the first time in my life I became familiar with a bear's foot-prints. I was surpised to see how large they were.

At this time of year hundreds of tourists pass through the Park in auto-busses, and we came into contact with many of them when we took meals at the hotels, often finding common acquaintances. In this way, we made some good friends.

Shortly after we had pitched camp, the "Sunkist Susie" boys appeared, much to our relief, as we had been quite anxious about them, even considering retracing our steps to see if they needed assistance. We had quite a joyous reunion, each relating his adventures of the preceding two days. They wanted to wash some clothes and proposed saving time and energy by catching some of the boiling water from Old Faithful the next time it spouted. As it was dark by this time, they thought that a couple of pails could be unobtrusively placed near the geyser. What was their dismay, however, to find a search-light playing on the scene and all the tourists from the hotel assembled to watch the geyser's next performance.

Nothing daunted, they placed their pails in what they thought was a good position, but the wind blew the jet of water in the other direction!

As soon as the geyser had subsided curious tourists ran up to peep into the pails to see how much water they had caught. We heard one man remark, "Jiminy, he hasn't got a drop." A Park guard then came hurrying up and informed the boys curtly that it was against the rules to take any water from the geyser, so the two crest-fallen young men returned to their camp and heated water unromantically over their sheet-iron stove.

Fishing is at its best in Yellowstone Park, especially trout fishing. We saw large trout of different varieties swimming in plain sight along the borders of the lakes and although we did not fish we saw others catch them in great quantities. Each person is only allowed a dozen fish in one day's catch, according to the rules of the Park. On one occasion, we had a present of enough trout for supper, caught by someone who had oversupplied his own needs and did not know what to do with them. We invited the "Sunkist Susie" boys to help us eat them, and that night, before a

glorious fire, we had a feast fit for a king. There were several salmon trout and rainbow trout fully a foot long.

The next day on our way to Lake Camp we met some tourists feeding a mother bear with her cub. This gave me the best opportunity I had to get a good bear picture, so we waited some time, watching the scene with great interest. As we had been cautioned over and over again not to feed them, we decided to obey the rules, so when the bear came lumbering along to the side of our car, sticking her nose up for something to eat, I called out "shoo!" Never having addressed a bear before, I said the first thing that came into my head. We had some doubt as to whether this would rid us of her company, but "shoo" she did, and slowly betook herself off into the woods with the little cub following behind.

We spent several days at Lake Camp, which is situated in a lovely wood on the borders of Yellowstone Lake. The girls took a swim in the lake that day and found the water almost icy.

During our stay we attended several entertainments at the pavilion provided for the use of

the campers, where an amusing stunt was given one night. A young college girl, who was engaged to get up the programs for the entertainments, announced to her audience that she had been unable to get characters for the little play she was going to give and asked for volunteers from the audience. "Now," she said, "I want some furniture first. Who will be a lamp? Who will be a sofa? Who will volunteer to be the easychair and curtains?" As hands went up, she filled these places, one by one. She then called for volunteers for the hero, heroine, villian, parents of the heroine, old maid aunt, etc., and, though it took some persuading, she finally collected her cast on the impromptu stage, and put them through a preliminary drill in facial expression for their parts. She then stepped forward and said, "I forgot to announce the name of the play,—it is called, 'The Gathering of the Nuts'." The blank looks on the faces of the would-be performers were enough to set the audience into gales of laughter.

We took a day to see the Canyon of the Yellowstone, a distance of about twenty miles from Lake Camp, and left our tent and outfit behind us. I

Holy City, Near Cody, Wyoming

was not prepared for the grandeur of this wonderful Canyon, which is so much like the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, only on a considerably smaller scale. From Artists' Point one looks up and down the deep, rocky canyon through which rush the waters of the Yellowstone River. We took luncheon at Canyon Camp on the south side of the river, and then crossed to the north side and viewed the marvelous waterfalls and rocky cliffs from Inspiration Point. One of the largest hotels in the Park is located here, and we enjoyed wandering through its spacious rooms when we went to take our evening meal before returning to our camp.

Fred and Caroline drove to the top of Mount Washburn that afternoon, which is ten thousand feet above sea-level. The view from there is magnificent, taking in the vast area of the Park and surrounding mountains. They joined us later at the hotel, and we all drove back to our tent, which we called "home," after dark.

We found our things unmolested and were soon sleeping peacefully on our comfortable air mattresses. Again that night the bears left their foot-

prints near our tent, and in the morning when we were eating breakfast several of them appeared on the outskirts of the camping grounds. Instead of running away from them, most of the campers ran toward the spot where the bears were feeding, eager to get a sight of them. On the whole, there is little trouble from these animals, but occasionally someone is hurt, and there have been fatalities, we were told.

CHAPTER IX

The Home Stretch

WE LEFT the Park by the Cody entrance the following day, and were filled with amazement at the wonderful scenery just outside its limits. To us, the road from Yellowstone Park to Cody, Wyoming, had more scenic beauty than anything we saw in the Park itself, with the exception, perhaps, of the Grand Canyon.

For eighty miles we drove over fairly good roads, though in places they were steep, so that even in low-gear we just managed to climb to the top. Going through Sylvan Pass between high and rocky cliffs, we reached an altitude of 8,650 feet, which in part accounted for the difficulty in making the steep grades, as the engine loses some of its power at these high altitudes. We never adjusted our carbureter, however, and drove with great success through all of the difficult places.

The Shoshone Canyon, with its huge dam three hundred and twenty-eight feet high which has been

built across it so as to form a lake, was a marvel of scenic beauty. All along the canyon the tops of its cliffs formed fantastic figures against the sky-line, many of them bearing curious names, such as the "Holy City" and the "Devil's Chimney." Toward nightfall after a long descent, we climbed our last hill into the town of Cody, the home of the late Colonel Cody, well known as "Buffalo Bill."

We stopped at the Hotel Irma, named after Buffalo Bill's daughter. Everything about this place reminded us of the departed hero. The hotel walls were covered with paintings depicting various episodes in his eventful life. The rooms were decorated with the heads of buffalo and other wild animals he had killed. Many were the tales we heard of his prowess, so that we could almost feel his presence among us.

Some of the shops in Cody had many curios made by the Indians, as well as beautiful blankets and skins of the bear, wolf, and fox. I was tempted to invest in some beaver skins which we saw hanging up in one of the stores, and ended by buying the whole bunch, which the salesman

Eleanor and Caroline Sitting on a Petrified Stump

claimed would be enough for a coat for myself. At first we thought it was a good bargain, but discovered later that there were not nearly enough skins for such a coat as I had in mind and there was no easy way of matching them, as they were kitten beaver. We thought they were a dead loss, but eventually we had them made into a short jacket for Eleanor who is much smaller than I, and it proved to be just what she wanted.

At Cody we had a long debate as to our route. Relatives of ours, whom we very much desired to see, were staying on a ranch near Buffalo, Wyoming. Upon inquiring as to the character of the road we would have to take to reach this ranch, we found that in one place it was so bad as to be almost impassable. Our best judgment told us not to attempt this route. Two others were open to us, the one leading south to Cheyenne, where it joins the Lincoln Highway, and the other leading northward to Billings, Montana, which is on the National Parks Highway, as well as on the Yellowstone Trail. Taking into consideration the heat we had experienced throughout July, and as reports of the roads leading south were not very

favorable, we took the northern route, hoping for cooler weather, and drove to Billings.

This road leads through desert country with hardly a tree in sight, and the hot August sun beat down upon us unmercifully when we stopped for our noonday meal by the wayside. The country was level, for the most part, and the roads fair, with an occasional steep climb over flat topped hills. In the distance toward the west were rugged mountains, the foothills of the Rockies.

When we camped at Billings that night the temperature still remained high. Our whole trip across this northern part of the country was unexpectedly warm; in fact, we seemed to follow a heat wave all the way across the continent, and in every town we visited we invariably heard the same remark, "This is the hottest day we have had this summer." The country between the Mississippi and the Rockies is much of it alkaline; consequently the drinking water is poor and affected some of us unfavorably.

From Billings, we drove on to Forsythe, Montana, which was our next camping place. In approaching the small town of Hysham about noon,

the clouds began to threaten and a thunder storm was imminent. With the first splashes of rain, we stopped the car and were hastily putting on the side curtains when our attention was arrested by a curious sight. Off to the right, not a hundred rods from the car a long narrow cloud of dust was rushing along at great velocity, a regular cyclone, which we watched with the greatest of interest notwithstanding its proximity. We felt the strong wind at the edge of it, but luckily were not directly in its path. Five minutes later when we drove into town, we found the ruins of a building which had just been blown down. In the excitement, and in my eagerness to take a picture of it, I took two exposures on the same film, so that the finished production looked like a cyclone indeed.

From Forsythe to Glendive, Montana, the country is made up of vast prairies with mountains in the distance. At times we had to climb over passes between these mountain ranges, and the road was often so steep that it seemed as though our car could hardly make the grade.

It was about the middle of August when we passed from the wonderful state of Montana, so

varied in its types of scenery, into North Dakota, still continuing on the National Parks Highway. From Billings to Minneapolis, one can take either this Highway or the Yellowstone Trail, and for much of the distance they are coincident. However, at Miles City, Montana, they part company, the Yellowstone Trail dipping down into South Dakota while the National Parks Highway takes a more northern route through North Dakota. There seemed to be a division of opinion as to which way was the better, as some people advised us very strongly to go one way, and some just as earnestly to go the other. We decided that it was "fifty-fifty" which route we should take.

We spent part of a day in driving through the "Bad Lands," a region where the roads are terrible in rainy weather, owing to the character of the soil. We were most fortunate in having a dry spell here, and were glad to have a look at this curious part of the country. The rock formation is peculiar, with many little cone-like hills and buttes caused by a network of streams eroding an ancient plain.

It was here, too that we saw the petrified stumps of a primeval forest. At first they looked like ordinary tree stumps, but on closer inspection we found them turned to stone. It was easy to chip off pieces to carry home as souvenirs without defacing the specimens in the least, and we filled a small bag with choice bits.

As we drove along, we passed many prairie-dog villages, and never tired of watching the little fellows pop down into their holes at sight of us, only to pop up again to take another look out of pure curiosity. I took a picture of one of them sitting on top of his mound barking furiously. If anyone thinks it is easy to get near enough to a prairie dog to get its picture, let him try. The timid creature is ready to dive into its hole at the least movement, which necessitates a slow and cautious approach.

From Dickinson to Bismarck, North Dakota, the route lies through unending fields of wheat, corn and oats. The machines for reaping and binding, drawn by four or more horses were a common sight. In some places, the harvesting machines were at work, with long pipes blowing out the chaff to a

great distance and piling up huge mounds of it. At Bismarck we took a room at a hotel as one of the girls was not feeling well, owing, we thought, to the poor water we had been obliged to drink. The weather continued to be exceedingly warm, the thermometer registering 105 degrees.

From Bismarck to Jamestown the temperature was somewhat cooler, but the Highway lay through vast fields of grain, with hardly a tree in sight to give any shade. However, at Jamestown we found a beautiful shady camp-ground in a dense grove, and here we decided to rest a bit after our steady traveling. Eleanor continued to be under the weather for a day or two, and we fixed a comfortable mattress for her to lie upon during the day time, in the cool shade of the grove.

A kind gentleman, a member of the Board of Commerce, whose duty it was to interview the people who patronized the public camp-grounds, made our stay here very pleasant in many ways. When he found our daughter was not feeling well, he drove out twice a day to see how she was progressing, bringing with him many delicacies for her to eat. As she was hardly able to eat anything, the family had to come to the rescue.

Reaping and Binding Machine, North Dakota

One day he introduced us to the chief of police (not because we had broken the law, however), a large, husky-looking man, with a disarming smile when one was in his good graces, but a man whom it would be just as well not to offend, judging from the size of his fist. The two men played pinocle with the girls one afternoon, giving us many side-lights upon the conduct of affairs in that part of the state. The chief informed us that he never encouraged a "nigger" (as he called him) to stay in town, and as a consequence there is not a colored person in that section of the country. To us this did not seem to be a very democratic spirit.

A rest of four days in this pleasant spot, despite one day of heavy rain, restored my daughter to good health, and the whole party felt eager to be on its way again. Our route lay through Fargo, the largest city in North Dakota, where we only spent a few hours, preferring to make time as the roads were good. We soon crossed the boundary into Minnesota and noticed a change in the character of the country.

Minnesota is a state of pretty lakes, many of them beautifully wooded. By chance we met

some delightful people in Alexandria, where we were planning to stop for the night. This was another instance of how quickly friendships can spring up on a trip like ours. A lady and her husband quite insisted that we drive out with them to their cottage on a neighboring lake and camp in their grounds, instead of in the public campgrounds as we had intended. After our long, hot drive no place could have been more refreshing than the spot to which they led us. In a grove of large shade trees, within a stone's throw of a picturesque little lake, we pitched our tent and soon had donned our bathing suits and were luxuriating in a swim in the cool, clear, water.

That evening our host and hostess took us out in their small motor boat, which they kept at a little dock of their own near the cottage. As we skirted the borders of the lake, the setting sun threw its golden radiance over everything. Save for the chugging of the motorboat and the curious laughing of some loons swimming at a distance, there was not a sound to be heard. A more restful scene we could not imagine. Our new acquaintances urged us to stay longer than one

night, but we decided to continue our journey homeward the next day in order to be back early in September.

In Minneapolis we spent several days in the home of some dear friends, and here again we had to unearth our much wrinkled "store" clothes and try to appear like ordinary citizens.

We were delighted with the beautiful city and its surroundings. A large part of the residence section lies near a chain of small lakes. The borders are preserved for parkways, and at frequent intervals are little docks with rowboats and canoes ever ready for use. We drove all about the city and its outlying parks. Minnehaha Falls, that lovely cataract immortalized by Longfellow's beautiful poem, is only a mile or so from the town, and is very picturesque, though when we saw it there was not much water going over, owing to long continued drouth.

It was curious how near home we felt when we arrived at Minneapolis. Ordinarily if I were to take a trip there from our home in New York State I would consider it quite a journey, but the fact that we had made such a long tour, having

covered by this time eleven thousand miles, caused the run home of another thousand miles to seem nothing.

From Minneapolis on, the houses, country, and people seemed to look more eastern and more home-like. There is an indescribable something about the West which is as different as possible from the East, and although the change from day to day is imperceptible, one begins to feel it decidedly upon entering Wisconsin.

Our camping days were drawing to a close, as from now on we frequently went to hotels or visited friends. At Appleton we camped in a pretty wood. As we approached the grounds after dark, the road was not well marked, and by mistake I left the road and drove onto a trolley track, bumping along on the ties for some distance before it was possible to extricate the car. Later the caretaker in the camp said, "Oh yes, I know the place; the mayor and a party of friends did the same thing the other night, and they had to be pulled off with a truck." We suggested that it might be well to put up a warning sign.

At breakfast in a restaurant the next morning, we unexpectedly met a party of friends from our home town. It seemed almost like being home again to talk to them.

After an all day drive to Racine, we pitched our tent in another grove outside the city, and enjoyed our stay there exceedingly. The air blowing in from Lake Michigan was cool and invigorating after the heat and dust of the journey.

Our route to Chicago took us through Zion City, the seat of that peculiar religious community founded by Alexander Dowie. At the time of our passage through the town, there was quite a war of placards going on between the two religious factions that dwell there. Great signboards, with inscriptions such as these (as near as I can remember them) met our eyes:—"Butt-in-skys get out!" "If you do not worship God in our way, we do not want you polluting this town!" On one street corner we met a man industriously painting out one of these lurid signs in order to paint in another upholding the tenets of the opposite side.

We talked with one of the citizens opposed to Dowieism and he told us much about the situation

from his point of view. Each faction claimed priority in residence and was doing its utmost to oust the other. The blasphemous language painted on the signboards would have shocked us considerably, if the situation had not seemed so ludicrous. Neither one had the least forbearance for the other side, but displayed anything but the true Christian spirit of tolerance. Later we read a newspaper item saying an official of Zion City had been convicted of criminal libel for referring to one of the pastors of the town as "an old billygoat" and a "blatherskite."

In Chicago we stayed at a hotel and did what most women folk do when they have only a few days in a big city—shopped. Before this we had refrained from much buying, on account of our long distance from home and the difficulty and expense of shipping, but here we felt we must stock up a little in the clothing line, or we would look quite unpresentable when we returned. To be sure, we had left good clothes at home which we could wear, but what about the styles? Can a woman expect a dress to be fashionable after having packed it away for a year? If the skirt is

long, it must be made shorter, or *vice versa*. The same is true of sleeves, which never remain the proper size or length for many months.

Our younger daughter was due at college the latter part of September, and some thought had to be given to her wardrobe. As Chicago is a good place to shop we sent home several boxes full of stuff ready for fall use.

The heat wave was still with us in Chicago, the temperature being in the nineties. From here we drove through Gary, the model manufacturing town, to Michigan City where we spent the night after a good swim in the lake to cool us off. The "singing sand" is a strange phenomenon on the beach at Michigan City. When one walks over it, a peculiar singing sound comes with every step. Just how this is accounted for I do not know.

The next day as we drove on toward Battle Creek, we passed through large areas where recent severe thunder storms had devasted the land. Much fruit was strewn upon the ground from the heavily laden trees, and as we approached Paw Paw, telegraph poles were snapped off for miles along the road. At Battle Creek we visited

friends for several days at their pleasant cottage on one of the small lakes in the suburbs. This rested us and gave us fresh vim for our further travels. On the way from Battle Creek to Detroit, we stopped a few hours to call on friends in Ann Arbor, and to see the university.

At Detroit we went to a hotel, where we made our headquarters for several days, to allow for repairs to the car, as well as more shopping and visiting old friends. Our noble little car had stood the wear and tear of this strenuous trip remarkably well, but there were bound to be worn parts, and the makers who have their headquarters in Detroit did much toward putting it into good condition. They took special interest in doing this, perhaps on account of the unintentional advertising we had given them.

We decided to proceed home by the way of Canada. Not that the route is a particularly interesting one scenically, but it had the advantage of avoiding several large cities. At Port Huron, we crossed the St. Clair river by ferry to Sarnia, Canada, and drove several hours over good gravel roads to London, where we spent the night.

UPB

Harvesting Machine, North Dakota

Even the border towns have many English characteristics and to see them was an experience we were glad not to miss. Flitting around the entire United States as we did, touching Mexico and Canada, we obtained a bird's eye view, so to speak, of the countries as a whole, which cannot be gained by the ordinary traveler who goes by train over perhaps only a section of the country at a time. This method of traveling gave us an infinitely better opportunity to visit colleges and universities the country over (a special desire of my husband), as our daily schedule was flexible, and we could stop wherever we wished.

Niagara Falls was as wonderful as ever; in fact, each time I see it my respect for this marvelous cataract increases. I have seen it many times, both in winter and in summer, but never feel any sense of disappointment, such as many people speak of. It is like a good piece of music, which to be fully appreciated must be heard many times.

From Niagara it was only a short run home. By arrangement some of our friends came out to meet us and welcome us back, bringing my mother with them, whom I had not seen for eight months.

This cordial escort was very welcome for, after all, there is "no place like home," and no friends like the old home friends!

When we started on the trip I wondered whether we would become discontented with our home and surroundings upon our return; whether the lure would prove to be too great for us elsewhere, to settle down as comfortable house-holders again. Keeping this in mind, as we visited different cities and towns the country over, I could never really settle on a more desirable place in which to live than our own town. We made in all a hundred stops of at least one night, along the whole periphery of the United States. It might be called a "century run" if the trip had been continuous.

To be sure, we found the cost of living less in other places,—eggs, for instance, only ten cents a dozen in one place in the south, grape-fruit, three for five cents, and melons, five cents apiece. At Biloxi we obtained delicious oysters for six cents a dozen. In California I bought a large bunch of three or four dozen choice carnations for only twenty-five cents. In fact, if one has the time, a trip such as ours should cost no more than

staying at home. To be sure, there is the expense of the automobile, but food and clothing cost less and with no rent, fuel or electricity, to pay for, one should be able at least to come out even.

None of the attractions elsewhere, however, were enough to out-weigh the advantages of our own college town and the result is that we are more than ever contented with our home.

Many times, since my return, friends have asked whether I would like to take such a trip again. My answer is always, "Yes; first give me an interval of quiet enjoyment of home comforts and friends before starting out again." I should hope for better roads in the south if we should go that way again; in fact, pretty much the country over road conditions are none too good. Such fine sounding names as the Lincoln Highway, the Yellowstone Trail or the National Parks Highway may be misleading. Not yet can one spin across the continent on fine macadam, nor anywhere near it. Although there is much work being done toward improving the roads, the fact remains that most of the cross-country going is rather poor. However, the lure of this unconventional mode of

life gets into the blood and one is ready even to suffer much discomfort for the opportunity of getting into close touch with the people of this great democracy. Generally speaking we found a desire among the American people for right living and right thinking, and we were often touched by the kindness shown us by perfect strangers. There is no better way of discovering the fine traits of our fellow countrymen than by packing up a kit and going a-gypsying.

THE END

MODERN GYPSIES

The author of MODERN GYPSIES is a graduate of Smith College. Her husband, Frederick Bedell, is the author of well-known books on electricity and the airplane.

Starting in mid-winter, the two undertook to tour around the rim of the United States, being joined by their daughters during the latter part of the trip.

Their adventures are charmingly told in MODERN GYPSIES.

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